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A TRUCE has been called in the Thirty Years' War between anthracite operators and miners. The truce brings to an end the longest battle to date, allowing the exhausted belligerents to retire to their tents, but the war goes relentlessly on. A compromise has been reached whereby work will be resumed at the old wages. A new scale may be proposed by either side after January 1, next, and if no agreement can be reached by negotiation the question shall be referred to a board of two men, one representing the miners and the other the mine owners. If these two men cannot agree, they *may* call in a third person as arbitrator, and the decision shall be binding on both parties. The word "may" is interpreted as meaning also "may not," and as it is assumed that neither side will consent to arbitrate a change in wages, these will remain as they are for the period of the contract unless altered by mutual agreement. Provision has been made also for a system of "cooperation and efficiency" through which the miners think they may, by increasing production, gain their demand for the check-off method of collecting union dues, but this part of the arrangement is far from clear. Whatever credit is in order for bringing the truce to pass is somewhat difficult to assess. Some point to the Administration, through the person of Mr. Davis, some to Richard F. Grant of Cleveland, some to Governor Pinchot, while miners and operators say that the settlement was in fact achieved "within the industry."

SO PASSES an intolerable situation and with it an unparalleled opportunity to bring lasting order into the anthracite industry. The crazy patchwork of this new agreement may give us more coal and less smoke for what is left of the winter and lift the gaunt hand of starvation from miners' wives and children. For this surcease we can only breathe a sigh of relief. But one fears the greatest sigh of relief in the country will be the one that rattles the windows of the White House. The strong, silent man who did not break the Boston police strike has been saved by his star again, and can continue to do nothing now happily uninterrupted by outside pressure. Had he chosen to follow the clear path outlined by the Coal Commission of 1922, he would have had not only a grateful country to support him but certainly the enthusiastic indorsement of the miners as well, while many of the operators would undoubtedly have been glad to fall in line. He could have written the peace terms which would have ended, once and for all, the Thirty Years' War. Instead we have a patched-up truce, containing no single constructive element, which will stagger along until the next pitched battle breaks. Will Congress do now what the President has not dared to attempt?

WHENEVER MEXICO does anything which displeases our oil men, or whenever it seems about to do something that will displease them, news spouts from Mexico like an oil gusher. Where all has been serene and peaceful for months, presto, change! Trains are held up, revolutionists plot, bandits become active, property is confiscated, religion is menaced. So naturally we find on the first page of the New York *Times* of February 12 a hair-raising story declaring that "Mexico will seize church property," that a "nationalization order is issued," that "priests are arrested." The story then pictures sudden and wanton expulsion of priests though "clad in their robes of office and performing religious rites before their congregations . . . without warning, and time was not even allowed them to get their . . . personal effects." This yarn is wholly misleading both in its facts and its implications. There has been no church property in Mexico for over half a century—since the reform laws of Juarez separating church and state. Occasionally church property is found to be illegally and clandestinely held and under these circumstances reverts to the nation. The Constitution of 1917 forbade the ministry of foreign-born clergymen, but the Mexican hierarchy has never seen fit to comply. This law is now being enforced. As to the circumstances surrounding its enforcement a subsequent *Times* dispatch on February 14 refutes the previous account by revealing that a ten-days' notice had been given to foreign clergymen to cease their professional activities or leave the country.

IT LOOKS as if we should see a remarkable example of a popular referendum on a huge scale. The German Communists and Socialists have united for the first time, in a common demand, that the question whether any moneys shall be paid to the Hohenzollerns by the German republic shall be laid before the voters. In accordance with the Constitu-

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tion, lists to determine the wishes of the public will be laid before the voters from March 4 to March 17. Should 10 per cent of the number of voters in the last presidential election, approximately 4,000,000, signify their desire to vote on a settlement with the royal princes, then the government would be compelled to submit the issue to a final referendum at which 50 per cent of the voters must vote if it is to be effective. The Socialists and Communists are sure that the 4,000,000 can be obtained. Whether the necessary 20,000,000 will go to the polls in the final test is doubtful. The belief is that if they do the Kaiser and the royal princes will get no compensation whatever. All the imperialists and nationalists and the followers of the Kaiser will probably abstain from going to the polls. In any event, if the Reichstag does not get ahead of the referendum by settling the question itself, we are likely to see an extraordinarily interesting experiment in taking the opinion of the individuals of a great nation.

FRANCE, which in 1914 probably permitted greater freedom in the expression of personal opinion than any other country in the world, gives evidence once every so often that it is still under the cloud of prejudice and bigotry begotten by the war. Thus General Percin, one of the nation's most distinguished soldiers, holder of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, has been visited with disgrace because of articles advocating regional home rule for Alsace which he contributed to the press, especially the *Zukunft*, a separatist newspaper of Strasbourg. General Percin maintains that his scheme is in accordance with the French constitution, but any move toward political liberalism for Alsace is like a red rag to the chauvinist elements of France. Twelve Senators from the reconquered provinces, supported by the reactionary *Echo de Paris*, accused General Percin of "anti-patriotism" and demanded his punishment by the Legion of Honor. Three penalties for dishonorable conduct are provided by the legion—censure, dismissal, or erasure of the offender's name. General Percin was found to merit the last or extreme penalty by his judges, but owing to his past record and what was offensively characterized as his present senility they recommended some less severe punishment.

FEAR WILL OUT, even though it is the mighty Mussolini in whose breast it lurks. The press carried accounts, detailed to many columns, of his wild speech to Germany, but it gave less than two inches to another story which read as follows:

> ROME, Feb. 8 (A. P.)—King Carnival is threatened with death in Rome with the Prefect of Police as his executioner. An edict has been issued forbidding the wearing of masks in streets and public places. Even at private masquerade dances police have the right to demand that wearers of masks identify themselves.

Mussolini blares his defiance to the world in the hall of the Deputies, but he advertises his fear in less noisy but no less certain fashion through his Prefect of Police. For Mussolini is familiar with masquerades, through long experience, and to him every carnival is a potential carnival of death; every mask hides the face of a possible assassin.

THE WIPING OUT of the last war-fraud indictments, coupled with the statement by the Associated Press that all the cases "resulted in favor of the persons accused," has led Mark Sullivan and others to assume that there were practically no war frauds and nothing wrong in connection with the conduct of the war except inevitable waste and minor lapses due to so gigantic an operation. The truth, we believe, lies a long distance from that. We are still of the opinion that gigantic frauds were committed during the war in the aircraft field, in the construction and the conduct of the shipping fleet, in the building of cantonments, in a number of other directions. If the statement of the Associated Press is true—we had thought that a few minor rascals had been caught in the meshes of the law—why then it only signifies the total failure of the prosecuting machinery. For this politics is in considerable part responsible, and so is the Harding administration, which came in with the spirit among many of its members or hangers-on of seeking not to punish anybody but to get Republican feet into the trough immediately. The pages of *The Nation* bear witness to many of the scandalous facts that are beyond question. No, it falsifies history for anyone to give the war management a clean bill of health. The sad fact is that great malefactors worked their will upon us under the smoke screen of patriotism and of beating the Germans, and have gotten off scot free because of the indifference or inefficiency or deliberate wish of those who should have brought the guilty to book.

NOT ONLY MACHINE-GUNS but tear gas were called in to reinforce justice in Delaware at the trial of a Negro accused of assaulting a 12-year-old white girl. Reports of the size of the crowd about the jail while the trial was in progress are not entirely convincing; but whether one or two or ten thousand persons were there, gas bombs were hurled at them to keep them off, barbed-wire entanglements were thrown around the courthouse, machine-guns were leveled at their heads, and three companies of the National Guardsmen placed themselves between the howling mob and the prisoner. All this is spectacular and overdramatic; but, at least, there was no lynching in Georgetown. The trial, of course, was speedily over; the accused, who was said to have confessed, although he pleaded not guilty, was convicted after a few minutes' deliberation by the jury; and the judge, doing his duty with no less alacrity, sentenced the unfortunate man to hang on February 26, less than five weeks after the crime was committed.

THE PRESIDENTS of Harvard and Johns Hopkins universities within the past year have issued statements concerning the higher learning in America which not only are in agreement but are conspicuously true and timely. We commented not long ago upon the proposal of the president of Johns Hopkins to do away with the first two years of undergraduate work in view of the obvious fact that this could just as well be done in junior colleges comfortably removed from the more serious academic scene. Now the trustees at Baltimore have accepted the proposal; and simultaneously with their resolution comes a declaration by President Lowell of Harvard that freshmen and sophomores are indeed a problem:

> Anyone who has taught freshmen is aware that they cannot read books. They can read passages and understand the meaning of particular things when pointed out to them; but they have not the habit of sustained mental self-direction that will enable them to follow the thread of an author's thought for a considerable time.

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President Lowell merely laments the necessity, in view of this situation, of high-school methods in college classrooms, and urges that such methods be abandoned as early as possible in the four-year course. He does not go so far as the heads of Johns Hopkins have gone and recommend the abolition of freshmen and sophomores. But Harvard and the other larger universities may come yet to the point where they feel forced, in the interests of dignity and scholarship, to rid themselves of the machinery which does indeed properly belong to the junior college. An extension of the tutorial system and a general examination scheme —measures which President Lowell now strongly urges— are, of course, excellent in themselves, but they can be applied only to mature and independent students, of whom, fortunately, there continue to be a good many in American universities, despite a certain amount of popular tradition to the contrary.

TWO PAMPHLETS have recently come across our desk which for their brevity, clarity, and intelligence place them in a class by themselves. The first has to do with "Our Economic System," the second with "Public Ownership"; both have been prepared by the New York Federation of Progressive Women, 25 West Forty-third Street. There is no denying the fact that they are propaganda in the sense that their authors desire a change in the going structure of industry, but the case is stated with a broadness of vision, a tolerance, a fairness to the arguments of the conservative, and a patness of factual interpolation, which is unique in pamphleteering. If you are a liberal in economic thought who has spent some years in acquiring from scattered and ramifying sources the case for that liberalism, and find that despite much fasting and prayer your conception tends to get fuzzy at the edges, you will welcome the news that these two little documents act like powerful lenses in bringing the case into proportion and focus. Meanwhile, if placed within reach of inquiring youngsters, nothing could conceivably be more destructive to the development of future Coolidges.

THE DEATH OF HENRY HOLT removes one of the most interesting figures in American publishing, and the oldest. Mr. Holt, who was in his eighty-seventh year when he died, had maintained his affection for the world of books until very near the end, though he had not for ten years been actively connected with the firm of Henry Holt and Company. Beginning in his youth with a desire to write, he gradually found his way into the circle of those who publish, and although he is known as the author of a number of volumes, chief among these being the reminiscences which he called "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," he is still better known through the distinguished house which bears his name. It was characteristic of him in his latter days that he should found at seventy-four and conduct for six years a journal devoted to highly controversial subjects. The *Unpopular Review*, later the *Unpartizan Review*, was valuable for the opportunities which it offered for the expression of specialized minority opinion; the only reason for its eventual failure was perhaps the fact that it did not represent a single consistent minority, did not become the organ of one intellectual party. In next week's issue *The Nation* will speak at greater length of the services which Mr. Holt performed as author, editor, and publisher. Meanwhile, it regrets deeply the passing of a genial and broadly experienced man.

The Cathcart Case

IN the case of the Countess of Cathcart the United States has touched bottom in its Pecksniffian policy of supervising the morals of private individuals, particularly those of visitors to this country. Talk about the government having no place in business! It has no place whatever in the field of private morals any more than it has any right to exclude foreigners like the Countess Karolyi for their allegedly "dangerous" opinions. There is no other country in the world that is either so childish or so puritanical, so hopelessly bigoted, so silly as to believe that it must protect the morals of its people by excluding those who have transgressed conventionality or hold to unpopular theories of government.

Let us say at once that we are not interested particularly in the exclusion of the Earl of Craven, with whom the Countess Cathcart once lived for a year, and that we are firmly of the opinion that the Commissioner of Immigration in New York, Mr. Curran, has not only proved himself a donkey in his actions but has clearly perverted the law. Section 19 of the immigration act of February, 1917, says that "any alien . . . who has admitted the commission prior to entry of a crime involving moral turpitude may be excluded after admittance within five years." Neither the Countess nor the Earl of Craven has been guilty of a crime; Congress never contemplated the exclusion of a divorced man or woman in enacting this law. It had in mind criminals as to whose moral delinquency there could be no question. Mr. Curran said he could not help himself because the Countess told the truth in all honesty when she might easily have lied. That is no excuse, for the law plainly does not cover her case. Indeed a federal court has held that "Various lapses from virtue not amounting to prostitution are not such misdemeanors involving moral turpitude as will exclude an alien woman in the absence of proof that any law was violated by her in the commission of such an act."

Innumerable divorced men and women come in and out, and others like Sarah Bernhardt who have openly lived their own lives in defiance of convention are welcome to our shores. When Gaby Deslys came over she was not only not excluded but was especially heralded by the newspapers as the friend of a king. The confessed murderer of Rasputin, who was certainly guilty of a crime involving moral turpitude, was admitted and no one raised the question; we could fill a page of *The Nation* with similar cases. To put the deciding of intimate moral questions into the hands of political appointees like Mr. Curran, to say whether or not a George Eliot or a peasant Sarah Smith is guilty of moral turpitude under certain circumstances is absurd.

There are plenty of American women whose records are the same as Lady Cathcart's who come and go freely; that is the disgusting part of it. If England and France should take similar action what a mess we should be in! With a country full of divorces for cause, with thousands upon thousands experimenting in the domain of sex, we set ourselves up as holier-than-thou and calmly pass on the private life of temporary visitors. How the Prince of Wales escaped being asked by Mr. Curran if he had always been chaste we cannot understand.

In this case the country's morals are neither safeguarded nor advanced. On the contrary, we bring not only America but all moral standards into contempt.

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Bigger and Better Mergers

BIGNESS does not necessarily mean badness. But the experience of the public at large with big business to date has not been a particularly happy one or conducive to many loud huzzas for bigness as such. In fact, the experience has led to the creation of a new demonology with "Wall Street" as the supreme dragon. That demonologies generally do violence to the facts does not obscure the very real causes which brought some millions of people to a point where their indignation forced them to create a demonology.

The past few months have witnessed a widespread and dramatic activity in corporation mergers. Super-trusts have broken out like a rash. The Department of Justice has started suit under the Sherman law against William B. Ward's bread combine and the National Food Products Corporation. The aluminum trust threatens to engulf Niagara Falls; Professor Ripley of Harvard declares that the latest labor-saving devices in high finance have saved the stockholder the labor of voting or of exercising any control whatsoever; while the New York Stock Exchange promises to investigate alphabetical series of non-voting stock. Meanwhile, a bond has been invented and actually issued the principal and interest of which shift with the index number of wholesale prices—thus keeping the holder always on a par with the cost of living. In brief, the financial pot is boiling with unprecedented vigor and business is brisk among the stock and bond houses.

Free competition has seen its day, and over great and growing sections of our industrial life is dying, where it is not completely dead. The logic of business enterprise guided by the goal of maximum profit could not tolerate the duplication, proliferation, excess capacity, and operating waste of unrestricted competition. Soon after the Civil War that logic began to make itself felt in tangible action, and has been accelerating ever since. Against its remorseless demands the Government, actuated by popular outcries, set up the barriers of the Sherman and the Clayton anti-trust acts. Modern industrialism went through these acts like so many sheets of paper, pausing only—by advice of counsel—to change, and quite probably to strengthen, the legal form of its corporate units. Perhaps the net effect of the Sherman law has been to goad lawyers into inventing bomb-proof super-trusts. In brief, legislative fiat has had no effect on the behavior flowing from the logic of consolidation—save, possibly, to quicken it. Even the Federal Trade Commission, while it has stopped many minor abuses and made public many interesting and significant facts from time to time, has never permanently restored competitive conditions in any area where the trend was otherwise. We repeat, free competition, so-called, has had its day, and no power probably exists or in an age of growing mechanization ever will exist to call it back from the tomb.

Which leaves us with combinations on our hands whether we like them or not. Big combinations, and getting bigger. And not only horizontal combinations but vertical ones—controlling a commodity from natural resource to finished product. Furthermore, these combinations tend to fall increasingly under the control of bankers and financiers, leaving the old-line captain of industry—who grew up in the industry—about as moribund as free competition. And, as Professor Ripley has pointed out, the latest model in stock flotation is to let the investing public pay the entire cost of the physical properties acquired, receiving no-par, non-voting stock therefor, while the insiders control and skim the cream without contributing a nickel of investment. Or, as a variation, through wide diffusion of stock ownership, insiders control the company while they hold—in a solid block—say only 20 per cent of the outstanding issue.

But there is nothing particularly heinous in either combinations or control by insiders, per se. In fact, combination, through lower operating costs per unit of output, always carries the possibility of an elimination of waste and lower prices for the consumer. In many branches of industry, modern technical engineering knowledge cannot really get to work without combination—in the sense of large-scale operation. Even centralized control is more efficient, technically speaking, than a swarm of sketchily informed stockholders. Then why all the fuss? Because:

(1) Combinations have not the slightest notion of ever letting a penny of the savings which they make through lower unit costs get into the hands of the ultimate consumer. And, what is worse, if their control is sufficiently dominant, they may be able actually to *increase* prices.

(2) They may pass in mere size the limit of low-cost operation. The Federal Trade Commission charged the beef trust with being too big and too unwieldy to be efficient.

(3) They tend to destroy initiative in the ranks of the great majority of their employees. They flatten life out for uncounted human beings.

(4) They are bitterly opposed to labor organizations, and are usually in a position to make that opposition effective. The recent coal strike was quite possibly caused and prolonged by the desire of the anthracite trust to smash the union, once and for all.

(5) They are forever meddling in politics, running up legislative back alleys. There is no corner of the public domain which they are not bold enough to ask for—and often they are strong enough to get it. They will probably yet get Tea Pot Dome. Nor can any public interest—giant power, a low tariff, a housing program, a park, sanitary shop conditions—clash with *their* interests and have much hope of surviving. This is their country, and they sit at the head of the table. In all fairness it should be said, however, that if there is anything left over, they raise no objection to our eating it.

And there we are. We can't get back to free competition—especially in this day when high protective tariffs are a national policy; and we can't get much advantage from the obvious economies of industrial combinations because of the swinish, domineering, and intolerable behavior exhibited by the management of combinations as organized to date.

The facts and tendencies are stated, we hope, fairly. We have no prophecy to make at this time. But if we were Mussolini, we would fix prices of trust products, based on a fair margin above certified operating costs. And if a given trust got too obstreperous, we would take it over at cost less depreciation, and run it ourself.

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Even Wall Street Is Sometimes Right

ALMOST any time now we may expect to hear from Washington that the new French Ambassador has begun negotiations for the settlement of his Government's debt to the United States. This time the negotiations will be successful, although they will be concluded on a basis no more favorable to us, or less so, than the terms which we refused last autumn. Since the Caillaux commission came over the House has approved a much less favorable settlement with Mussolini's government, and although there will be opposition in the Senate the arrangement is not likely to be defeated. We will not dare to refuse to republican France what we grant to fascist Italy.

The Nation is not opposing such a settlement. As our readers are aware, we were among the first to come out decidedly in favor of renouncing most of our European war debts as a matter of justice, necessity, and business. Putting it on the lowest grounds, we realized that the major part of this debt neither could nor would ever be paid, and at a moment when America was still regarded as a big brother to the world in general we argued for cancelation in return for various concessions that might have then been obtained in the interest of European stabilization and peace. That opportunity has passed, never to return. In the last few years the friendliness with which America was viewed just after the war has changed into a mountain of hate which will hardly disappear in our generation. All we can do now is to write off our losses. But *The Nation* proposes to go on telling its readers that our settlements *are* losses and to refute to the best of its ability the pretense of the Republican Party that promises of payments sixty years, or even ten years hence (entered into virtually under duress), are anything but stage money.

Although the Republican Party is now directly chargeable with the sin of trying to make these debt settlements appear better than they are, almost all of our politicians and most of our newspapers have been singularly lacking in knowledge or vision in their attitude. For instance, we find the New York *Times* saying of the European war debts on January 29 last:

> They might have been made a means of securing goodwill. Instead, they have brought us dislike. They might have been made an aid in inducing European governments to assent to disarmament, to facilitate international trade, to promote everywhere good understandings which would have led to good business. But our Government and people have taken the narrower view. They have gone after the cash and let the credit go. Yet time is pretty sure to demonstrate that this country would have been wiser if it had put a little more shrewd world-politics into its attempts to collect its war debts.

Fine words. But the *Times* was not speaking out that way five years ago—when *The Nation* was. In fact only our leading financiers—our much-distrusted men of Wall Street—have been generally right in this matter from the outset. Probably there has been less of justice and mercy in their attitude than of a realization of the hard facts and a desire to turn them to business interest, but the truth remains that they are the only class in the community whose record has been even tolerably intelligent.

Now that France is the only nation of consequence with which we have not made a debt agreement—and since her case is in many ways the most important of all—it is not amiss to remind our readers that the French Government is engaged in a most difficult and desperate attempt to balance its budget. The maneuvers in Parliament are full of cheap politics and personal chicanery—just as are the actions of our Administration and Congress on all questions great or small. But perhaps for the first time since the war the French people seem to be roused to the necessity of heroic and immediate measures if they are to save their financial fabric from utter ruin. We are of the opinion that they need every sou they can raise for use at home and should not attempt to pay any of their debt to us at this time. At any rate we should grant most lenient terms.

There is an important aspect of this question, too, which is not in the least understood in the United States. If any party or administration in this country should propose to redeem our Liberty bonds at twenty cents on the dollar, while paying some foreign creditor in full, there would be a tempest which would blow the scheme into immediate oblivion. Yet that is precisely what most Americans are asking of the present French Government. The French franc, formerly worth almost twenty cents, now brings in the markets of the world less than four. It will never go back to par. The only possible way in which France can pay her internal debts and balance her budget is with a franc that is worth as little or less than the present one. In other words she must permanently and irrevocably repudiate at least 80 per cent of her home debt (including internal bonds held by Americans and other foreigners). If Frenchmen themselves are obliged to accept 20 per cent in settlement of their claims against their government, is there any reason why the United States should expect more?

Senator Smoot Weeps

"MR. PRESIDENT, the pending revenue bill represents quite a remarkable record of achievement." With this sententious remark Senator Smoot introduced to the Senate his prodigy of financial legislation. His speech is so useful a record of the way the conventional senatorial mind works in matters financial that we wish it might have a very careful reading in the widest circles. At the outset he put his best foot to the fore and declared that 2,350,100 persons would be relieved by his bill of the direct burden of income taxes. Without troubling about such a minor detail as producing evidence that these figures were correct, the Senator next dropped a Walrus-tear over this very emancipation of which he was so proud. Said he: "In one respect this is unfortunate. Anyone who is a taxpayer is bound to have a closer feeling of interest in his government, its policies and activities, than under the situation where the burden of expense is borne by others." Indeed, as he pondered on the plight into which he was just engineering his beloved republic he waxed indignant: "I am opposed to calling this a 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people,' and then denying to all the people the privilege of contributing toward the maintenance of their government. A reduction in the tax burden is quite a different matter from the entire denial of the privilege of contribution." Then, like Lewis Carroll's Walrus, he held a handkerchief before his streaming eyes and resolutely denied to the alleged 2,350,100 of his fellow-citizens their birthright. What a patriot; what a martyr to duty!

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Now, as everyone knows, Senator Smoot dislikes a fuss; but if there is to be one he is always careful to have it known that the Republican Party is never to blame. Hence his useful handkerchief appeared once more: "There will be much said during the debates on this bill about taking the tax off the rich, about special interests and other topics common of easy and popular discussion. So far as criticism is in vogue, it will be directed necessarily against both of the great political parties, which in this bill meet in their views of sound economics." The Democrats in the nearly empty Senate chamber squirmed, and one made as if to rise and speak. The tearful Mr. Smoot courteously stopped. The Democrat faded away. What could he say?

Then Senator Smoot rose to great economic heights:

> The reduction of the higher surtaxes is based on a ground of sound economics that looks further than to the interest of any individual or group. The latter is a minor and unimportant consideration as compared with the real reason that is at the basis of this policy, upon which both of the great political parties find themselves in accord. The 5,000 individuals who enjoy the incomes in excess of $100,000 can neither eat food nor wear clothes to any greater degree beyond the wants of all other human beings. They may secure greater security, but their capacity for expenditure is limited.

Then the Senator added still another reason for letting off the high tax-payer—it is "utterly impossible to compel a man to pay more of a tax than he feels that he in good conscience should pay."

How sad it is for Senator Smoot, that having laid down the exact economic laws and the only correct financial policy, his fellow-Senators should decide to have more of such a good thing and calmly cut off another $230,000,000 of our taxes. No wonder his handkerchief came to light again—only this time the tears were real.

The King's English

IT is evident to every student of language that a revolt against the grammarians is under way. It was not until the nineteenth century that their right to control the language was generally accepted, and now, after enjoying a century-long dictatorship, they are being gradually compelled to give up their usurped authority and to recognize the fact that usage makes rules, not rules usage. A generation ago the American philologist, Richard Grant White, chortled over the long list of "blunders" in the use of "shall" and "will" which he had discovered in the works of such writers as Cowley, Steele, Addison, Swift, Burke, Landor, and Sydney Smith; today, on the other hand, a considerable number of persons recognize that the joke was on him and not upon his authors; for if such writers habitually violate the rules, then obviously the rules, and not the writers, are wrong.

Just as only theologians knew enough about the text of the Bible to demonstrate the absurdity of giving absolute authority to a literal interpretation of it, so only grammarians know enough about grammar to show how unfounded is its pretended authority; but, fortunately, the grammarians are joining the liberal cause just as the theologians did, a fact illustrated anew by an admirable article called The Periphrastic Future with Shall and Will, by Charles C. Fries, in the December number of the *Publications* of the Modern Language Association. Mr. Fries, struck by the voluminous confusion of the rules upon the subject under discussion, undertook an elaborate investigation which involved the study of all the available English grammars (forty-six in number) published before the nineteenth century, as well as a still more laborious investigation of actual usage as revealed in the dialogue of the English drama. His results are startling to those who have wasted time over such elaborate discussions of the correct usage of these two words as is found in supposedly authoritative modern works like Fowler and Fowler's "The King's English."

Mr. Fries proves (1) that until 1632 there is no evidence that grammarians recognized any distinction between the two words, a fact which, by the way, indicates that Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible got along without it; (2) that the distinction first appears in an English grammar written by a Frenchman in French for the purpose of teaching his countrymen the language; (3) that it was not a common feature of English and American grammars until after the first quarter of the nineteenth century; (4) that at no time up to and including the present has usage justified the formal rules.

As everybody knows, English grammar was first formulated by men who had been trained in Latin and who wished to give to the vulgar tongue the dignity supposed to be inherent in a codified system. After the common habit of specialists, they delighted in complexities and they acknowledgedly based their rules not upon the language as it was spoken or written but upon their conception of how, in the interest of logic, consistency, or "right reason" it *ought* to be spoken or written. Now as the scientific gradually replaced the logical study of language it came to be recognized that usage alone determined correctness, but the new grammarians took over the rules of the older ones without sufficiently examining their origin and so it happens that today men who theoretically accept usage as the final arbiter of correctness nevertheless accept rules which did not have and did not claim for themselves this authority of usage.

It is a pity perhaps that the pedantry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cannot be overturned except at the cost of labor as arid in itself as is that of such men as Mr. Fries, but the fact remains that the average man has an exaggerated respect for the formal externals of education, that he tends to measure his own and others' education by ability to spell conventionally and speak by the rule, and that he will never be comfortable in following usage in such matters as the employment of "shall" and "will" until the grammarians tell him that he ought to do so.

Thus grammarians must undo the evil which grammarians have done. They invented their complexities partly in order to have something to teach, but children today have too much to learn to waste time upon subjects which have no real existence outside of textbooks. A certain minimum of grammatical knowledge is necessary on the part of the users of any language if it is to be kept exact, comely, and universally comprehensible, but the textbooks of the schools contain more than this necessary minimum. Correct usage is learned by imitation, not by rules, and to teach elaborate formal rules is to rob the child (and the man) of the opportunity to learn things which would be really fruitful materially or spiritually. For three centuries grammarians have been engaged upon what is called "constructive" work; today their duty is, like that of workers in various other fields of knowledge, chiefly to destroy what their forerunners have built and built so badly.

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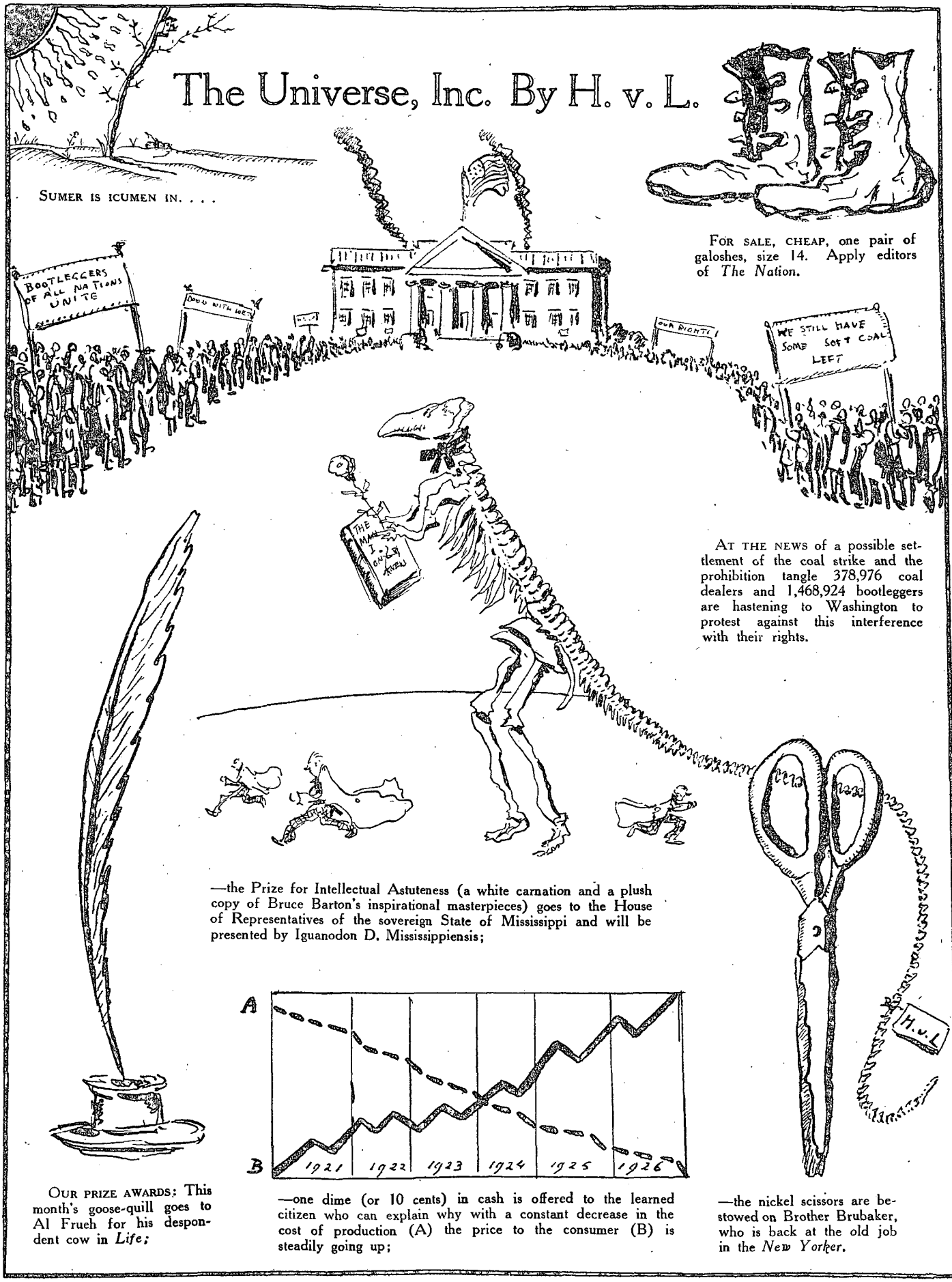

FOR SALE, CHEAP, one pair of galoshes, size 14. Apply editors of *The Nation*.

AT THE NEWS of a possible settlement of the coal strike and the prohibition tangle 378,976 coal dealers and 1,468,924 bootleggers are hastening to Washington to protest against this interference with their rights.

—the Prize for Intellectual Astuteness (a white carnation and a plush copy of Bruce Barton's inspirational masterpieces) goes to the House of Representatives of the sovereign State of Mississippi and will be presented by Iguanodon D. Mississippiensis;

OUR PRIZE AWARDS: This month's goose-quill goes to Al Frueh for his despondent cow in *Life*;

—one dime (or 10 cents) in cash is offered to the learned citizen who can explain why with a constant decrease in the cost of production (A) the price to the consumer (B) is steadily going up;

—the nickel scissors are bestowed on Brother Brubaker, who is back at the old job in the *New Yorker*.

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Commercial Aviation in Europe

By EARL W. ELHART

COMMERCIAL aviation in Europe today is an industry that violates all accepted principles of profit and loss and yet curiously continues to expand. A growing network of air lines now covers the north of Europe, carrying thousands of passengers and tons of freight. All this is being done in spite of the fact that commercial aviation has never been profitable in the past, is now operating at a loss, and holds no prospect for improvement in the immediate future.

Commercial aviation in Europe is a state ward, rationed in part from the public treasury through subsidies. Regardless of profit and loss, aviation is recognized as a new means of transportation which has practically reduced Europe to one-third of its former size; the airplane carries mail and passengers at almost triple the speed of the best express train.

In 1920 Europe was faced with the alternative of supporting commercial aviation by government aid or abandoning the industry to almost certain bankruptcy. Without exception, the governments recognized that a thriving aircraft industry, in addition to being highly valuable commercially, would provide an essential factor in the national-defense system. Every important state came to the rescue with substantial subsidies and in this way made possible the growing commercial aviation industry. In all of Europe there are no unsubsidized lines in operation. The British subsidy law provides for the payment of £1,000,000 over a period of ten years, the Dutch K. L. M. line receives a lump sum of 300,000 guilders each year, and French civil aviation last year received 77,000,000 francs from the government treasury. No accurate figures are available for the German subsidy, as government mileage subsidies are augmented by state and municipal payments. Even the Dutch K. L. M. lines, considered to be among the most efficiently managed in Europe, earn scarcely more than 50 per cent of expenses. Statistics regarding operating costs and income are in all countries jealously guarded. Even the official figures cannot be taken at their face value. In 1924 it was estimated that 90,000 passengers were carried by air in all Europe, with nearly double that number in 1925. These figures include, however, a large number of officials as well as other non-paying passengers carried for advertising purposes and often to meet subsidy requirements. Passengers traveling from one country to another are often counted at both terminals. Figures obtained from different sources show wide discrepancies on the volume of traffic handled.

The real accomplishment of Europe cannot be gauged alone by statistics. The present and potential value of the lines is much beyond the number of passengers and tons of mail and freight carried. Today regular services are in operation throughout Europe, flying and ground personnel are being trained and facilities developed, the "air traveling habit" is being cultivated; in brief, a solid foundation for a working system of air transportation is being built up.

Old-fashioned Europe can give the United States lessons in speed. At 9:30 every morning a plane leaves Tempeldorf Field in Berlin for Amsterdam, arriving at 2:30. Through passengers leave an hour later, arriving in London that evening at 6:30 or in Paris at 7 o'clock. The elapsed time between Berlin and London is nine hours; between Berlin and Paris, nine and one-half. Fastest railroad time from Berlin to London is twenty-two hours; from Berlin to Paris twenty hours. You leave Moscow at 7 in the morning, arrive at Königsberg at 6 that evening in time to take the night train which arrives in Berlin the next morning. This brings the Soviet capital within thirty-six hours of London or Paris as compared with three days by rail. Paris today is but a daylight trip to Vienna by plane; Belgrade is eight hours further by air, and Constantinople an additional eight hours. In the absence of night flying, Constantinople is three days from Paris as compared to five days by rail. Night flying, however, will soon reduce this to thirty-six hours or less. Helsingfors, Copenhagen, Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Constantinople are all directly connected by air with Berlin, Paris, and London. Indeed, after April 1 next Moscow and London will be only 24 hours apart according to a Berlin dispatch of January 13.

What have been the accomplishments of France in the last five years? She has now nine lines in operation, of which two in Africa have been established within the last half year. The busiest of all the French commercial airways is the Paris-London line, which is much used by American tourists. During the three busiest summer months as many as fifty passengers a day are often carried. The Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam line is also popular. The fare to Brussels has been made very low, being equivalent to a first-class railroad fare. The Paris-London ticket costs $30, a $10 advance over last year.

The most important of the other French lines are to the East and South. Regular services operate between Paris, Zürich, Prague, and Warsaw with the trunk line running east to Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, Constantinople, and even Angora. The Bucharest-Constantinople division, however, is not regularly operated. In general France maintains business-like air services with the whole of Eastern Europe. In the south, she has developed regular lines to her African possessions. One of the oldest and best-established services runs from Toulouse along the coast of Spain to Casablanca in Africa. The extension of this line to Dakar is for the present a weekly service. A branch operates from Alicante in Spain across the Mediterranean Sea to Algiers. Another line operates three times a week from Antibes to Tunis. The traffic on the African lines consists normally of mail and colonial officials, but during the past year the service has been much used by army officials traveling to and from the Moroccan front. At the present time there is no air connection between Paris and Toulouse, the French terminal of the African lines. The night express from Paris, however, reaches Toulouse in time to take the plane at 5:30 in the morning.

The principal French airdrome, located at Le Bourget, nine miles outside of Paris, is one of the best in all Europe. The spacious hangars and the auxiliary buildings are of fireproof construction, the field has concrete runways for

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the planes and an excellent meteorological station as well as facilities for restaurants, passengers, post and customs officers. France has the most complete weather-forecasting service in Europe and planes in flight receive regular reports from an airport on fog and storm conditions ahead. On the flight from Le Bourget to London, for instance, a pilot will brave heavy fogs over the Channel, knowing that clear weather exists beyond the highlands of the coast. The French commercial air fleet of 135 planes is second only to that of Germany. The traffic today demands large, reliable, multi-motored machines, which are replacing the small, single-motored planes.

Germany not only leads Europe in commercial aviation but is the only country outside of Russia that operates intra-state lines. With the exception of these two countries, European air services run only between capitals. Treaty difficulties have prevented Germany from developing air connections with the Allied Powers, practically forcing her to concentrate on internal lines and airways to the north and east. Berlin is today the hub of a system of airlines radiating to every large city in Germany and the Baltic and Scandinavian countries. Six and twelve passenger planes leave daily for Königsberg, connecting with the Russian line to Moscow, the trunk service continuing north to the Baltic cities of Riga, Reval, and Helsingfors. Lines run southeast to Dresden and will continue to Prague and the Balkans as soon as arrangements can be made with Czecho-Slovakia. Another daily line runs to Leipzig, Stuttgart, and on to Switzerland. Western lines cover the Ruhr district and connect with Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen and extend on to Amsterdam, where connections are made with London and Paris. In the south of Germany lines connect Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfort, and the other large cities both with Berlin and with Hamburg and Bremen, as well as with Vienna and Budapest. Services also run to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Amsterdam. Germany also has the distinction of having the only night-mail line running in Europe today. The plane leaves Berlin at 10 o'clock in the evening and arrives in Malmö, Sweden, at dawn in time to catch the express which arrives in Stockholm at 7 in the morning. This development has taken place in spite of the fact that the Council of Ambassadors has restricted the German companies both in the size of the planes built and the horse-power of the motors.

Within Germany an excellent system of airdromes and landing fields has been developed. The Tempeldorf Field on the outskirts of Berlin compares well with any of the other great airdromes of Europe. The city owns 55 per cent of the field, the remainder being owned jointly by the recently amalgamated Junkers and Aero Lloyd companies. The meteorological station at the field prepares complete charts for the whole of Europe on storm centers and weather conditions. A big radio station at this field is in touch with all of the big cities of the Continent and England. For the night-flying route to Copenhagen lighted landing fields are located every twenty-five kilometers.

Austrian air lines are largely part of the French system in Eastern Europe, although there is one German line. Vienna is connected by the French lines with Zürich, Paris, and London on the west, with the Balkans and Constantinople to the southeast, with another branch running to Warsaw. The line of communication to the Baltic is carried through from Warsaw by a Polish line to Danzig, where connections are made with the German trunk line. A German line connects Vienna with Munich and makes possible speedy service with other German cities, Holland, and Scandinavia. In all there were seven local lines, operating thirteen planes, in operation in Austria during 1925.

Russia is the only country outside of Germany which has developed intra-state commercial aviation extensively. The disorganized condition of the railroads and the tremendous distances make Russia an ideal land for the development of commercial aviation. It is some two thousand miles from Archangel on the White Sea to Baku on the Caspian and six thousand miles from Moscow to Vladivostok. Air lines here would cut down train time to one-fifth or one-sixth. Russia is not lagging behind other countries. The Moscow-Königsberg line has been in operation since 1922. The red-painted planes leave Moscow every day for Königsberg, where connections are made with the German lines. In August of last year the completion of the first million kilometers of flight on this complete Berlin-to-Moscow line was celebrated in both capitals. From Moscow two lines run south to Rostov, Tiflis, and Baku. In 1922 a weekly post service by air was established connecting Moscow and Leningrad and in 1924 this was made a daily line. One local line is also in operation east of the Urals and another in Siberia. Proposed lines, totaling 12,000 kilometers, have been laid out by the government, to be opened as rapidly as possible, connecting important cities in Siberia as well as in European Russia.

The commercial air lines of Holland must always be international in scope, since the country is itself so small. Up to the present regular air lines have been extended to Brussels, Paris, London, Copenhagen, and Hamburg. Holland has but one important air-transportation company, the K. L. M. lines. This company is now operating two regular daily lines, one running from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and Paris and the other from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and London. With the cooperation of the Danish company, the D. S. L., service is maintained with Bremen, Hamburg, and Copenhagen. Amsterdam has become one of the busiest airports of the Continent, being the terminus and transfer-point for French, English, German, Swiss, and Danish lines. Today Amsterdam is to commercial aviation what Rotterdam was to the shipping industry in former times. It serves as a distribution center for passengers and mail for such distant points as Helsingfors, Moscow, Warsaw, and Constantinople. The K. L. M. fleet in 1925 consisted of eighteen Fokker planes, mostly carrying twelve passengers.

The British air problem is distinctly different from that of continental countries, as there is little competition in time between the slow-moving water traffic in and out of England as compared with the direct and rapid air service. Traveling time from London to Paris by express train and boat is seven hours, by air two and three-quarters hours. On the other hand, short distances and fast-train service within England have made competition by air impracticable and there are no intra-state lines operating today. The three international lines in operation today connect London with Amsterdam, Paris, and Zürich. These are only the first links, however, in the proposed English international air service. It is planned that English lines shall eventually run to her possessions in the Near East and the Orient. The British lines are operated by a single company, the Imperial Airways, formed in the spring of 1924 with government aid to take over the three competing and insolvent lines then in operation. Since the consolida-

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tion traffic has greatly increased, but with little progress in operation. English airmen complain that commercial aviation is in the hands of bankers who are primarily interested in profits. The subsidy law requires that 1,000,000 miles be flown annually, but as planes operate at a loss company directors refuse to exceed this minimum because further operations would decrease earnings. This explains why little increase in facilities or equipment has followed the gain in traffic. Up to 1925 all planes in operation were four or more years old, and last year but three modern machines were added, mainly because of the competition of the Dutch and French lines.

The smaller countries of Europe are either operating or planning lines. Poland has one service running from Warsaw to Danzig. Finland and Sweden operate a joint line from Helsingfors to Stockholm. Esthonia plans a line from Reval to Leningrad. Switzerland has one line operating from Zürich to Geneva with irregular service to Lyon, France. Belgium has one line running from Brussels to Bâle, Switzerland. Italy has had lines planned since 1920, but they still remain paper projects.

Two salient facts stand out in European commercial aviation. First, commercial air lines are in actual operation, the volume of traffic is steadily increasing, and everywhere additional services are being planned or put into operation. Second, commercial lines cannot be operated without state aid, barring some revolutionary invention or discovery. It remains to be seen whether commercial aviation will be further developed and supported by a continuation of the subsidy system or whether European governments will, as has been the case with the railways, take over and operate the air lines.

Letters from Tolstoi

Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

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[*This is the third and final instalment of Tolstoi's letters to the Hungarian writer, Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. These letters, hitherto unpublished, were written in German; they were received between the years 1894 and 1910. The first two instalments appeared in our issues of February 10 and 17.*]

XV

Moscow, November 5, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I presume that you have received my letter by this time. Your latest with No. 4 of *Ohne Staat* I received yesterday. Your essay, The Practicability of Anarchy, is very fine, especially the comparison with the robbers. Nothing can be said against *that*. But the article does not correspond to the title: the practicability of the idea is not proved, although it *may* be proved. That is a task which I should like to undertake. That you and your publication are persecuted is not at all surprising, it would be surprising were this not so, were the government *not* to take every possible means to hinder your activities. But persecution cannot prevail against the truth. Even though your periodical were forced to suspend publication, the idea would persist and find ways of dissemination which would be safer and deeper.

At all events I am convinced that you will not lose courage. Such truths as you promulgate, truths such as that no Christian can be a soldier—that is to say no murderer and no servant of an institution which is based upon force and murder—are indisputable, so simple, and so incontrovertible that no discussion, no furnishing of proofs, no specious eloquence are necessary. In order that mankind may make these truths their own it is only necessary to repeat them without cessation, so that the majority may hear and understand them.

Truths such as that which declares that no Christian can participate in murder, that he cannot serve the state or accept pay which has been extorted from the poor by force through the leaders of organized murder, are, as I have said, elemental and incontestable, and all who hear them must agree with them. In cases in which one who has perceived these truths still persists in acting contrary to them, he does so only because he is accustomed to act contrary to them, because he finds it difficult to master himself, and because the majority acts as he acts, for which reason disobedience to this great law does not entail the loss of respect of those whom he himself respects.

The same thing happens in the case of vegetarianism. "Man is able to live and remain healthy without killing animals for his sustenance. Consequently in eating meat he aids in the slaughter of animals and serves only the pleasure of his palate. To act thus is to act immorally." This, too, is a plain and self-evident truth; who would be so bold as to deny it? But as most men are still addicted to eating meat, they reply laughingly, after having heard such arguments and understood them too, that after all a juicy beefsteak is an excellent thing and that they would be glad to devour one for dinner.

The same attitude is now adopted by officers and officials in the face of the arguments advanced to prove that military and state services are incompatible not only with Christianity but with the very idea of humanity. "Of course you are quite right in your attitude," says the state official, "nevertheless it is very agreeable to wear a uniform and epaulettes, for these give us the entree everywhere and create respect for us. And it is still more agreeable to be independent of all eventualities and to draw one's salary promptly on the first of every month. Yes, your ideas are no doubt quite correct. Nevertheless I shall endeavor to get my supplementary pay and then my pension."

"Yes, your ideas are no doubt quite proper!" cries the meat-eater, "but first of all, the ox need not be killed with our own hands, since that has already been attended to. Nor need one collect the taxes with one's own hands, since these have already been collected. And one can also do military service without killing human beings with one's own hands. Moreover the majority of human beings have never heard of these disquisitions and have no idea that it is evil to do these things. And so one is able to exist without being forced to give up beefsteaks, and all the pleasant things which the wearing of a uniform implies, such as decorations and especially that safe and secure monthly salary. And as to what may yet come—well, we shall see what we shall see."

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The whole thing depends upon the fact that men have never heard the truths which disclose to them the whole iniquity and injustice of their lives. "Carthago delenda est." And Carthage *will* fall—of that there is no doubt. I do not say that the state will vanish and its power be no more. These things will not vanish so quickly—there are still too many brutal elements in the masses which help to maintain these powers—but the Christian supports of the state are being destroyed, that is to say, the men in power will be forced to cease protecting their authority with the sanctified name of Christianity. Men of brute force will be called men of brute force and nothing else. And as soon as this consummation takes place it will become impossible for them to take shelter under the cloak of pseudo-Christianity, and this will gradually bring about the end of the entire reign of brute force. Let us strive to our utmost to bring about this end! "Carthago delenda est!" The state is violence, Christianity is long-suffering, non-resistance, love. It is for this reason that the state cannot be Christian, for this reason, too, a man who wishes to be a Christian cannot serve the state. There can be no Christian state. A Christian cannot serve the state. A Christian state is a contradiction in terms. "Carthago delenda est!"

LEO TOLSTOI

XVI

November 24, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have just received a letter from Vandeveer. His address is as follows: J. R. Vandeveer, Middelbourg, Holland. He is now in prison in Middelbourg for his repudiation of military service. He is a man of powerful convictions and great talent as I am able to see from his letter and from the speech which he delivered to a socialist society this year. I am writing to him and would like to send him the article about the Dukhobors. Will you please do this, if it be possible? Your monthly would, I believe, be most welcome to him, though he professes agnosticism, which is, as in most cases, due to a misunderstanding.

I believe you must by this time have received my last letter. I am awaiting your answer.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XVII

March 2, 1897

DEAR FRIEND:

I am sending along a short article of mine to accompany the paper upon the Dukhobors. I can add only this—nothing more. The important thing is that one get a proper perspective of the matter abroad—especially in Germany. I have no belief whatever in subscriptions and financial help. A few days ago my friends Tchertskov and Biriukov who had both tried to intercede for the Dukhobors with the government at St. Petersburg were exiled, the one (Tchertskov) to foreign lands, the other to a small town in the Baltic provinces.

I have received your letters and No. 4 [*sic*] of *Ohne Staat* (Without a State)—it is possible that the others have also arrived but as I am not in Moscow but in the country I have not received them. I am delighted that you should be so energetically at work. Your articles are very powerful, but forgive me, dear friend, for saying that I should like to see a little less pride and more Christian modesty, more humility.

"Resurrection" is a novel which I had begun long ago and almost completed last year, but I feel that the work is so feeble and bad and useless that I shall under no circumstances allow it to be published.

Ever your friend in brotherly affection,

LEO TOLSTOI

XVIII

June 11, 1897

DEAREST FRIEND:

It is a very great joy to me to receive and to read your letter and the newspaper in which your trial is described. I did not expect that you would be acquitted. It is, as you say, a sign that the time is ripe; but seen from another point of view it is wonderful and also sad to realize that in a country like Hungary where you have every opportunity to propagate your ideas the truth should find so few supporters. It is customary especially here in Russia to believe that only the government is to blame that the truth is not accepted by all men; but in your country in which speeches such as you made can be delivered in court, and to a still greater degree in France, America, and England, where still greater freedom prevails, it is easy to see that the greatest enemy of truth resides not in the government but in the worldly—anti-Christian—teachings of churchly pseudo-Christendom, and of the materialistic-atheistic-socialistic Weltanschauung which gives people whose manner of life is destroyed by the truth a shelter and a defense. It is against these two demons that we must wage war, and we must take great care not to enter upon compromises with either the one or the other. I see that you are carrying on the war with great courage and fervor and it gives me great joy to know this.

How are things with your monthly? Are you still publishing it?

If you have some extra copies of the German newspaper could you not send some of them to the following addresses:

Paul Biriukov, Bausk, Courland, Russia.
Ivan Tregubov, Goldingen, Courland, Russia.
Dimitry Chilkov, Weissenstein, Esthonia, Russia.

LEO TOLSTOI

XIX

April 19, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I have added certain words in red pencil and have also crossed out some passages, and some that did not seem to me to be well translated I have marked with a cross. I no longer have the Russian original at hand so that I am unable to restore point No. 1. If you are not able to replace the missing words from the Dutch version then please cross out this entire passage. The titles are very good and the whole translation most excellent, clear and fine.

I hope that you will be completely acquitted and that you will be so kind as to give me news about the entire trial.

I shall be very happy to receive your publication which I have not seen for a long time.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XX

June 1, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your letter and the six or seven copies of *Ohne Staat*. I am very happy to see that your activities are undiminished and that you are winning more and more

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supporters, especially among the workmen and are drawing them away from the fraud of socialism. I am particularly pleased with your article The Crisis of Anarchism. Yes, the Christian Weltanschauung must be instilled into mankind in a clear and simple manner. That is the most important thing. It was not Proudhon but Christ who said: "Ye are Gods." But He did not only *say* this, for his whole teachings are nothing else than the recognition of human dignity, based on the truth that man is the son of God.

The Reactionaries at Work is also very good.

With hearty greetings,

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXI

October 2, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I am sending you certain pages of the translation which I have looked through so that there may be no delay. I also hope to have the others ready very soon and to send them on. The preface of the publisher is necessary in all circumstances. Shkarvan or Makovizky would be able to write it. The translation is very good. The changes which I have made you may or may not accept although in some cases they seem to me to be necessary. I hope to answer your questions later. I am too busy now.

With heartiest thanks for your translation and your letter,

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXII

March 26, 1901

DEAR FRIEND:

This letter will be brought to you by a very good acquaintance of mine. He is an excellent musician and very cultured and clever young man, Alexander Goldenweiser.[1] It will give him joy and profit to make your acquaintance.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXIII

June 2, 1901

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your book[2] and thank you heartily for it. I have looked through it only superficially so far, but it seems to me that it would be impossible to present my Weltanschauung in a better, more exact, and clearer form.

I would have read it through more carefully in order to give you my opinion upon it, but one of my friends has borrowed it and has not so far sent it back.

The review of your book which you sent me seems to me to be very good. I am most pleased to know that you are working on in the same old spirit and with the same courage. The older one grows the clearer and the more incontrovertible becomes one's conviction that the only meaning of life is the fulfilment of the will of God. This is something which is really full of joy, something that is sure of the greatest success.

Farewell, my dear friend and brother,

LEO TOLSTOI

[1] This refers to a cousin of the American anthropologist of the same name. He is now director of the Piano Section of the Moscow Conservatory of Music.

[2] "Leo Tolstoi and His Significance to Civilization." By Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. Published by Eugen Diederichs, Jena.

XXIV

September 2, 1902

DEAR FRIEND:

I am extremely sorry that I can not fulfil the wish of Dr. Hugo Gaw. My bodily powers are still so feeble after my illness and it seems to me that I have still so much that I must finish before the end that I cannot permit myself to begin anything new. It would appear that your letter containing the article upon me did not reach me, or perhaps the letter came during the worst period of my illness and it was simply not given to me.

In any case I thank you for the letter and for the article, for I am convinced that everything that you write about me is right, as it needs must be since you have the same Weltanschauung as mine and are imbued with the same ideas as myself. The proof of this is your beautiful book which I have read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Your letters give me great joy. I hope that I shall be granted this happiness on many future occasions.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXV

October 7, 1902

I am overjoyed, my dear friend, that I am able to fulfil your wish. My friend Alexander Dunaev (Moscow, the Torgowoi Bank, is his address) is sending you 300 rubles with the next post. The money does not really belong to me. It is a part of the money which I have intended for the Dukhobors from the sales of "Resurrection." The Dukhobors, who are now in Siberia, can make good use of the money and that is why I am keeping it at the bank. In case you should not need the money any longer when February arrives will you please be so kind as to return it to Mr. Dunaev?

I hope with all my heart that you will be rid of your difficulties as soon as possible and that you will be able to work for the good cause in your usual quiet and efficient manner.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXVI

Yasnaya Poljana, 5/7, 1907

DEAR FRIEND:

Your new book, like all your other books, gave me great pleasure. It was not only your presentation of the significance and meaning of life on pages 41 and 52 which afforded me such delight but also the last pages in which, in the very face of our self-conscious civilization, you write so adventurously regarding the possibility of the bulk of mankind returning to an agricultural form of life. It pleased me very much to learn how you were faring and to know that we still are very close to each other in our points of view and that you are engaged in furthering the same work that I am doing.

I remain your loving

LEO TOLSTOI

XXVII

Yasnaya Poljana, 26. August/8. September, 1909

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

Please forgive me for keeping you waiting so long for an answer to your letter and for an acknowledgment of the receipt of your book. I have been afflicted of late with

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a most extraordinary weakness of the memory. This is the chief cause of my negligence.

As I had got in touch with you through Shkarvan I took up your book, "Religious Teachings for the Young," once more. I cut the leaves to the middle and read it again with the greatest attention. I will give you my honest opinion about it.

The first chapter Regarding the Truth of the Fables up to the beginning of the story of Christ did not especially please me, as I found nothing new in the first parts. But the following chapters I read with great joy and approval:

The Sermon on the Mount
The Miraculous Feeding of the Multitude
Where Does God Throne? (very good)
Our Concern for Our Bodily and Spiritual Life (very good)
The Parable of the Sower (very good: also the story of the seed which chokes the weeds of hair-splitting pedantry is excellent and entirely new)
The Parable of the Talents (good, although the rendition of the contents is too daring)
The Unfaithful Husbandman of Jesus and the Woman Taken in Adultery (very good)
The Last Supper (somewhat artificial, better not meddle with it)
The Story of Christ's Sufferings (very good)

As a whole I believe this book and its circulation will be most useful quite apart from its intrinsic value.

Has the book met with success?

In all love and esteem,

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXVIII

Yasnaya Poljana, September 11, 1909

DEAR FRIEND:

I am most thankful to you for your kind willingness. I hereby beg you to read in Berlin the report which I had prepared for the Peace Congress of Stockholm.

I did not write you about this in my former letter because I first wished to learn your answer to Shkarvan.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXIX

Kocety, May 3/16, 1910

The interpretation of my views in your article pleases me very much even though it was incomplete. Not you are to blame for this, but I. It is particularly agreeable to me to find that the interpretation of my views in this article agreed completely with your own. I am very happy in this unity of our opinions upon all basic principles.

I thank you again for your friendly letter and await with great interest the appearance of the same pamphlet with your foreword.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

The Anti-Saloon League's Lost Virtue

By W. G. CLUGSTON

[*The conditions described in the following article were made the basis of a resolution introduced in Congress on February 13 by Representative Fred A. Britten of Illinois, demanding a congressional investigation of the Anti-Saloon League. In addition to charges of corruption in Kansas, Mr. Britten asserts, according to press reports, that large sums of money have been used by the Anti-Saloon League to control elections and to pay professional organizers and lobbyists; that the league has openly violated the national campaign-contributions law and the corrupt-practices law; that it paid the campaign expenses of Andrew J. Volstead while he was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary; that it has attempted to influence federal judicial appointments and the selection of federal enforcement agents, and has attempted to influence the President of the United States in his appointments of heads of departments.*]

THE Anti-Saloon League has been put in the ditch with another blow-out. This time it is not in wet, wicked New York that the dry crusading organization has been brought to grief; but in Kansas—pure, prohibition Kansas.

Nor has the calamity been brought about by the enemies of aridity. Dr. John G. Schaibly, a Methodist minister who has been engaged in prohibition work for many years, is the man who exposed the rotten conditions in the Kansas branch of the national organization; and Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, coeditor of the *Christian Herald* and internationally known as an advocate of prohibition, was so appalled by the misuse of the organization as shown by Dr. Schaibly that he issued a public appeal to the churches of Kansas to close their doors to the Anti-Saloon League.

Fred L. Crabbe, who was superintendent of the Kansas Anti-Saloon League for more than five years and who has one brother working in a similar capacity in Maryland and another brother serving as the dry Attorney General of Ohio, has been ousted from his position as superintendent and is now facing disbarment charges which have been filed with the Kansas board of law examiners. Also, Attorney General C. B. Griffith and former Attorney General Richard J. Hopkins, who is now a justice of the Kansas Supreme Court, have been directly involved in the charges made by Dr. Schaibly. Messrs. Hopkins and Griffith have attained their Kansas political prominence largely through their prohibition-enforcement activities and Justice Richard J. Hopkins is a member of the executive committee of the national Anti-Saloon League and has been prominent in its councils for a number of years.

Misuse of thousands of dollars of league funds; juggling of funds contributed by church congregations and private citizens who sought to aid in law enforcement; collection of funds under false pretenses and false statements as to the purposes for which the money was to be used; payment of personal and political obligations out of the league treasury; and the payment of large sums to State officials who were using the league for personal and political purposes are some of the startling revelations that have been made by Dr. Schaibly.

Complaints about the management of the league under the superintendency of Crabbe became so numerous that the headquarters committee was finally forced to institute an investigation and dismiss Crabbe. Dr. Schaibly was chosen to succeed him, and immediately began to try to

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clean up the mess left by the dismissed superintendent. However, so many obligations were brought to light that he was unable to meet them, and when he insisted upon a public accounting and a thorough straightening out of the irregularities the headquarters committee, under the spokesmanship of Justice Richard J. Hopkins, informed him he either would have to keep quiet or give up his job. Dr. Schaibly chose to give up his job.

Before doing so, however, Dr. Schaibly had photographic copies made of canceled checks and check stubs showing that Attorney General Griffith had drawn approximately $3,000 from the league treasury during the time he was drawing a regular salary from the State for law enforcement. The photographs of these records show that Griffith was paid a regular salary of $100 a month by the league and that he also drew numerous checks for "expenses," for "law enforcement," and for "attorney fees." Similar photographs show that Supreme Court Justice Hopkins, during the same period, drew $1,191.54 from the league treasury and that he was at the same time drawing a salary from the State. Records were produced to show that league funds were used to pay political campaign bills of both Griffith and Hopkins, and then photographic copies of State records were produced to show that while these two State officials were drawing large amounts from the Anti-Saloon League treasury Superintendent Crabbe was drawing money from the State treasury through the Attorney General's office.

Dr. Schaibly produced records to show that Anti-Saloon League funds were used to pay for campaign cards and campaign circulars for Justice Richard J. Hopkins and to pay for newspaper halftone cuts for Attorney General Griffith.

Dr. Schaibly produced letters, records, and newspaper clippings to show that, in addition to the regular collections made by the Anti-Saloon League through the churches and through pledge-letter campaigns, money was collected in more than thirty-five different communities in the State by Mr. Crabbe which was not handled through the league treasury in the regular way. In many instances this money was collected from persons who sought to finance clean-up campaigns which were never made, and when demands were made that the money be returned this was done through drawing checks on the league's bank account, despite the fact that the original amounts had never been turned over to the league.

As a result of Dr. Schaibly's exposé citizens in various parts of the State who had been "bilked" by the Crabbe-Griffith-Hopkins combination, which operated under the cloak of the law-enforcement organization, made known the details of their sorrowful efforts to succor the cause of law enforcement.

J. E. Brogan, a Coffeyville druggist, produced the most concrete case. Brogan told how Crabbe visited Coffeyville and represented himself as being an assistant attorney general under C. B. Griffith and stated that he would be glad to conduct a clean-up campaign, but that the State was short of funds and that it would take about $600 to gather the required evidence. Brogan and three associates provided the $600. Crabbe pocketed the money and left town. When Brogan complained to the Attorney General, according to his own written statement, the Attorney General denied that Crabbe held a commission as assistant attorney general, but he flatly refused to assist Brogan to get his money back, and the money was never repaid.

In Jefferson County, according to statements by the county commissioners, a little different method was used to get money. Attorney General Griffith called up the Jefferson County officials and advised them that he was getting complaints about law violations and that a clean-up should be made. Then Mr. Crabbe appeared on the scene, and, posing as an assistant attorney general, got the county commissioners to appropriate $600 for a clean-up campaign. A few arrests were made by Crabbe and his men, but the Jefferson County commissioners deny that six hundred dollars' worth of work was done.

These may seem to have been only the acts of individuals for which the Anti-Saloon League could not be held responsible. But in Kansas, as in New York, the Anti-Saloon League as an organization has sought to cover up rather than clean up illegal acts of its agents and has done everything in its power to keep the facts from the public.

After the serious charges were made by Dr. Schaibly, the Kansas headquarters committee refused to open the records to a public inspection, but promised repeatedly that at the annual meeting of the board of trustees the public would be invited to sit in and all facts would be made public.

The annual meeting of the board of trustees was held at Topeka on January 21, with Dr. F. Scott McBride, national superintendent, in attendance. But instead of the public being invited the meeting was made more secret than any that had ever been held. Even the speeches that were then made to the trustees by Attorney General Griffith and Justice Richard J. Hopkins were delivered behind locked doors. And at the close of the meeting, instead of making public all the facts regarding the irregularities charged, the board of trustees, with the approval of the national superintendent, issued a "whitewash" statement, saying:

> In the matter of the alleged misuse of league funds we find on detailed examination the league has been charged with no excessive expense accounts in the instance cited nor has there been any expenditure of league funds for salaries in violation of any State statute or sound business practices.

On the day this "whitewash" report was issued Dr. Schaibly made public the fact that in his appearance before the State bar board he had, under oath, related facts, or alleged facts, told to him by Attorney General Griffith relative to the payment of $500 to Griffith from the league treasury for services Griffith rendered in going to Wyoming to represent former Superintendent Crabbe in a case in which a Wyoming ranchman who had given Crabbe $2,000 in payment for contraband liquor, which Crabbe had failed to deliver, was demanding the return of his money.

Under oath Dr. Schaibly told the State bar board that Attorney General Griffith told him this was the service rendered for which the Anti-Saloon League paid the $500. If this is a fact it calls for the explanation of a situation involving the ethics of a State officer drawing a salary from his own State to enforce the law and being paid a fee by the Anti-Saloon League of his State to go to another State to handle the case of an Anti-Saloon League superintendent charged with trafficking in liquor illegally there. The complications are not lessened by the State records, which show that about the same time and while Mr. Griffith was drawing money from the Anti-Saloon League Mr. Crabbe

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also was drawing money from the State through the Attorney General's department.

Efforts to learn the details of the troubles of Mr. Crabbe in Wyoming have proved futile except for the sworn statement made before the bar board by Dr. Schaibly. Attorney General Griffith has admitted that Mr. Crabbe got into trouble in Wyoming, where he was at the head of the Anti-Saloon League forces before coming to Kansas. Dr. F. Scott McBride, the national superintendent, also admits that Mr. Crabbe got into trouble in Wyoming before coming to Kansas, but the national superintendent has refused to make known the facts. While in Topeka for the "whitewash" investigation of the Kansas league affairs Doctor McBride was asked by the writer for the details of the Crabbe Wyoming troubles. His reply was:

"I do not care to discuss the Wyoming incidents. We have enough here in Kansas to discuss."

And so it would seem they have.

In the Driftway

"TEA tempers the spirits, harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude, and relieves fatigue; awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties." These words were written by a Chinese twelve hundred years ago, when tea drinking had already established itself as an ineradicable custom in China. The Drifter is inclined to think they are as true now as they were then; he is not one to champion tea at the expense of coffee, nor does he think it indispensable in all weathers and all climates; but he remembers certain occasions, certain gray, bleak days, certain tramps in the cold wind, at the end of which a number of cups of tea were eminently satisfying. There was one afternoon at Tintagel, for example, that terrifying, grand place on the Cornish coast where the cliffs spread out like the five fingers of a hand and the sea beats mercilessly in between, when he walked about over the slippery rocks for hours, stampeding a hundred thousand gulls that rose in black and white clouds before him, and sat shivering for other hours watching the feathery spray lifting against the red-brown rocks; after these pursuits had been defeated by the fall of night, he came indoors to a snug little sitting room, made himself comfortable before a coal fire, and drank tea until he was ashamed to ask for more hot water, although not until his thirst was completely assuaged.

* * * * *

THESE thoughts on tea are awakened by a booklet, "Tea, An Historical Sketch," written by a member of one of the most famous tea firms in London. It contains, besides conjectures on the origins of tea drinking, the interesting fact that one of the first tea merchants in England was a woman, Maria Tewk, who, in 1725, founded the firm which, under various names, has contained Tukes for seven generations, and who at first was so far from being welcomed into the association of English merchants that she was fined for operating her business without a license—a license denied her for being a woman. In those days the distribution of a commodity was not as simple a matter as it has since become; the tea was brought into the Port of London on valiant merchantmen and loaded on packhorses to be carried to the northern counties of England. Tea drinking was indulged in only by the rich, and for a hundred years it was frowned upon as the forerunner of prohibitionists, not suitable for anyone else. William Cobbett, in 1822, declared that "the troublesome and pernicious habit of drinking tea" had demoralized England; the agricultural laborer, instead of drinking beer, a nourishing, wholesome beverage, was wasting his energy, money, and time on tea, which had no qualities whatever to recommend it. Cobbett now would be more distressed than ever to learn that the per capita yearly consumption of tea in England is nearly nine pounds, or approximately 1,800 cups. This is almost as bad as Dr. Johnson, who called himself a "hardened and shameless tea drinker whose kettle had hardly time to cool."

* * * * *

THE Drifter himself has marveled at the evidence of the wholesale drinking of tea in London. There the movie palace pales into insignificance alongside the tea palace which rises in ever larger splendor on corner after corner and is filled until well after six o'clock every night by hordes who drink tea and eat cakes. This sort of tea drinking is not to the Drifter's taste at all. He likes his tea in solitude or with the most select of companions. He demands a certain amount of rain and cold weather to whet his appetite. He prefers buttered toast to any amount of tea cakes. And he never, on any occasion, would allow himself to champion that most degenerate aspect of tea drinking, the "afternoon tea," at which dozens of persons crowd into a small room, hang about the tea table, declare their preference for lemon or cream, nibble at macaroons, and profane the air with vapid sounds that are meant for conversation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Equality *Among* Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three thousand miles—is it?—is a little far to go for your "Wages for Wives" dinner, but I am interested, in a rather amazed way, in your clearing-of-the-ground articles, or rather in the partial clearing of Mr. Hays's clutter by Miss Stevens. She at least recognizes that a $10,000 income and a retinue of servants is hardly a representative foundation to build an argument on.

And after all—aren't those two debating on the same side in a sense, and wouldn't it have been a little gayer to pit the two of them against an economist? Isn't Miss Stevens's average woman already getting more than her rights compared with the majority woman, and isn't it rather trivial and still more futile to worry about sex inequality when class inequality is the fundamental trouble even there?

I am entirely with Miss Stevens in her contention; of course she should have half, and probably does, as do most wives of just husbands. As a theory, it doesn't seem worth while for intellectuals to debate about it, but as a practice, with so many unjust husbands—and other people—in the world, I seem to see the Social Revolution overtaking such agreements, even as it did in Russia.

In Russia, you know, the economic freedom of the workers brought automatically the equality of women—domestic, economic, and civil. The Russian women never were advanced enough even to know they had any rights and wrongs. Even now, in their psychological inferiority, their rights have to be forced upon them. But it is a joy to see them, little by little—and after all, not so little—getting their heads up into the light and holding them high, and yet not fiercely. Instead of forcing their way into public life they are invited and coaxed

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and urged, and they are making good most wonderfully. I've just been there watching them do it.

Miss Stevens suggests partnership of "money capital" and "labor capital" in the home, and a sharing of the surplus. Down with the Red! Where, the profiteering husband will ask, in this capitalist world does she find a precedent for such a demand? Justice again—Oh, undoubtedly. And that is just what the awakened working-class woman wants; but there aren't many of her—not only as much as her underpaid husband gets, and frequently doesn't get, but as much as the $10,000 wife gets. And then, what about capital and labor in the $10,000 kitchen? Shall we divide the surplus there?

And in the mill and the mine? Down with all these bolshevistic implications! But that's what lots of us are thinking—the husband of the deficit-sharing wife, and some quite comfortable people. And they'd like to have Doris Stevens come on in, for the water's fine and swimming against the current excellent exercise. If only the feminists would broaden their slogan to "Equality *among* women"—and men!

San José, California, January 28 ANNA PORTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all this rubbish about Wages for Wives?

I am a wife, representative, I believe, of the average young American woman. My husband is a college graduate (a Yale man, but not a former football star), and he probably earns as much as the average educated male—$3,000 a year. Our home consists of a four-room apartment in a good residential section of Philadelphia. We have been married fifteen months and have a baby boy three months of age. I am, therefore, so to speak, sweetheart, nurse, mistress of the household, seamstress, bookkeeper, shopper, char, and cook. And what is my wage?

Everything that I do for my child is paid in full by one touch of his tiny hands upon my face. Our apartment is such an attractive home that keeping it clean and orderly is a joy rather than a burden. And after spending a couple of hours preparing a meal, who wouldn't thrill to words of praise from a hungry husband?

But you say: "Aren't you a drudge?" No! Keeping busy is the best and cheapest way to happiness. And as I am busy all day, so is my husband busy in his laboratory. I work no harder than he does. We share the same home, same food, and same pleasures. Every two weeks he gives me $50 for household expenses—food, laundry, etc. What I am able to save from this amount I may use as I wish. I do not call this a wage. I do not want to be paid for my services as a wife. I am getting more out of life since married than I ever did before. How many girls who are wage-earners make more than enough for their room and board and a few clothes? Why, then, should they expect so much more after marriage? Supposing my husband paid me $35 a week for my services—the amount I earned as a secretary before I was married. But, also, supposing that I in turn had to pay him for my board and room and clothes. I wonder if I wouldn't be owing *him* something at the end of the month.

I'll wager that the propagandists in this matter are either old maids or wives who do not do enough work to earn a living wage.

Philadelphia, February 4 SALLY EDWARDS REINHOLD

Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mussolini

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as a matter of record, make two points in reference to your editorial paragraph in *The Nation* of February 3 on the remarks of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont and Mr. Otto H. Kahn at the Foreign Policy Association luncheon on January 23, on the subject "Fascism: Its International Implications"?

First, you refer to Mr. Lamont's remarks as follows: "He even stated that the people of Italy, terrorized and cowed and deprived of free speech as they are, with their necks under the heel of a dictatorship such as the world has hardly seen since the days of Bomba of Naples, are unanimously behind their government. 'As to the matter of liberalism' said Mr. Lamont, 'the question seems to me to be liberal enough to let Italy have the sort of government she seems to want.'"

A careless reader might get the impression that Mr. Lamont had admitted that the people of Italy are "terrorized and cowed," etc. As a matter of fact, he neither affirmed nor denied these charges. Moreover, your quotation from him is inaccurate. What he said was: "I venture to ask all of us who are manifestly liberal here as to whether we are liberal enough at any event to permit Italy to have the sort of government that she seems to want."

Second, many of your readers might not understand that the anti-Fascist, as well as the pro-Fascist, point of view was put strongly at the luncheon. Professor William Y. Elliott of Harvard, one of the two announced speakers (the other was Count Thaon di Revel, president of the Fascisti League of North America), vigorously attacked the Fascist regime as undemocratic, tyrannical, and unjust.

New York, January 30 JAMES G. MCDONALD,
Chairman, Foreign Policy Association

[We relied upon the press reports of the luncheon and had, of course, no intention of attributing to Mr. Lamont our description of the Italians as "terrorized and cowed."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Jane Austen's Letters Are Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were once so good as to give the very valuable publicity of your columns to an appeal to collectors to send copies of autograph letters of Dr. Johnson for use in a new Oxford edition. May I beg you to do us the same favor with a view to an edition of Jane Austen?

Out of 149 known letters I have seen the originals or reliable copies of 104. Rather less than one-third of the total eludes me; but I am reluctant to proceed with my present resources, and that for two reasons. In the first place, although the errors and omissions of the existing texts are probably not serious, yet an edition cannot be definitive which does not make them good; and the complete or correct text is occasionally a real improvement. In the second place, there is every reason to suppose that the missing letters are not lost but are in the hands of private collectors in this country or (more probably) in America. If so, my experience of collectors assures me that they are only waiting to be asked.

R. W. CHAPMAN

Clarendon Press, Oxford, England, January 20

The Automobile Tyranny

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether Mr. Bertrand Shadwell hopes for or fears a French revolution here, caused by the speed-murderers, there will be none out this way for the reason that there are not enough persons who walk to make a good wink. The family of my colored washwoman has a car and so have the boy porters of my hotel. So have many of the non-coms and some of the privates at the Presidio. Many high-school boys have their underslung Fords.

This condition has its political bearing. In making arrangements with the local transit bus company for a charter any terms are accepted by the council because the fare-payers are so few and so insignificant economically and socially as virtually not to exist

Pacific Grove, California, December 29 J. C. REEVE

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Books and Plays

The Foreigner

By WITTER BYNNER

Chapala still remembers the foreigner
Who came with a pale red beard and pale blue eyes
And a pale white skin that covered a pale soul;
They remember the midnight when he saw a rough hand
Reach through a broken window and probe for a lock;
They remember a tree on the beach where he used to sit
And ask the burros questions about peace;
They remember him walking, walking away from something.

First Glance

"WHEN, not many days ago, I would refresh my mind after the meanderings of the dialecticians and seek the holy dwellings of the Muses, by chance I laid hand on the 'Heroides' of Ovid. Ye Gods, what manifold learning do they display, and how they twinkle with sprightly wit!" So wrote the Renaissance scholar Guido Morillonius in 1516; and it is the distinction of the latest book written in praise of Ovid that this quotation, coming therein toward the close of what has been throughout an enthusiastic discussion, seems no less accurate than ecstatic. The volume on "Ovid and His Influence" which Edward Kennard Rand has contributed to the series called Our Debt to Greece and Rome (Boston: Marshall Jones: $1.50) does perfectly what it is supposed, I take it, to do. In the first place it tells most readably who Ovid was and what kind of poetry he wrote, and, in the second place, it traces the steps of his great influence through European literature down as far as today—ending with a statement of what he might mean to any contemporary so fortunate as to take him up.

Ovid himself is so voluminous, and the things that could be said of him are so numerous, that I marvel at Mr. Rand's being able to say practically everything of importance in less than two hundred small pages. The reason seems to be that he has gone directly to the central quality of the man and the poet—wit—and never thereafter strayed from that. He had texts ready made for him, of course, in Quintilian's "Nimium amator ingenii sui" and Ovid's own "Ingenio perii Naso poeta mei"; but even then he might have wandered, as commentators so frequently do, into detached disquisitions upon the sources of Ovid's learning, the sincerity of his religion, the causes of his banishment, and the corruptness of his morals. Mr. Rand does discuss all these matters and many more, but it is always in connection with what he compendiously defines as "the poet's supporting virtue and his embarrassing vice." That was wit—meaning, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, not only all that is usually meant by the term but more specifically grace and agility of mind, fertility of fancy, and nimbleness of illustration. So completely does Mr. Rand subdue himself to this theme that his synopses of Ovid's stories tell quite as much about Ovid as they do about the stories, and, incidentally, achieve wit in their own right. So well does he understand his author that he requires but a sentence to resolve the apparent inconsistency between his cynicism and his gullibility: Ovid, he explains, "is at once properly skeptical of poets' lies and confident of his own power to turn the chaos of brute fact into the cosmos of poetic reality"—hence a work like the "Metamorphoses," the yarns in which we simultaneously believe and disbelieve. And so intimately do we ourselves begin to know Ovid that the story of his reputation becomes an exciting thing. We smile with Mr. Rand over the hopeless attempt of the Middle Ages to prove that the real reason it liked Ovid was that he was a moralist, a theologian, a physician, a magician, or what not. And we kindle as the roll is called of those later writers who loved Ovid and were somewhat like him—Jean de Meun, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Prior, and Anatole France.

One who still needed to be convinced that Ovid is perhaps the most engaging of all ancient poets would do well to read F. A. Wright's "The Mirror of Venus" (Dutton: $3), a recent volume in The Broadway Translations containing English versions of passages from all of Ovid's books except "The Art of Love"—which, as a good many readers already know to their joy, was done by Mr. Wright for a previous volume. This much of Ovid has never, so far as I know, been rendered more piquantly.

MARK VAN DOREN

A French View of England

Post-War Britain. By André Siegfried. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

THOUGH many books have been written by Englishmen dealing with our new situation, none of them contains within a moderate compass so clear and well-documented an account of the salient features of that situation, with so instructive a commentary, as is contained in this work of this distinguished Frenchman. "Post-War Britain" is an almost perfect example of the French ability to combine scientific method with literary expression. Two-thirds of the volume is occupied with the economic, one-third with the political situation. In each case the selection and orderly statement of the relevant facts are the first consideration. But so skilful is the selection, so vivid the presentation, so incisive and finely rendered the interpretation that the numerous statistics appended to the economic survey acquire almost a literary value from their skill of place and use.

In his presentation of Britain's economic crisis M. Siegfried shows how our various problems of unemployment, finance, tariffs, wages and production, costs, population, all converge upon the supreme issue, the maintenance and expansion of an export trade large enough to enable us to buy abroad the foods and raw materials needed to support our lives and industries. M. Siegfried analyzes in some detail the constituent markets of our import and export trade, showing the exact percentages of our demands for overseas goods and measuring the reduced sizes of our post-war export trades. The problem, as he clearly indicates, is not produced but only aggravated by the laws. Our supremacy in the output of coal, iron, and steel, the foundations of manufacturing industry, had already been successfully challenged by the United States and Germany before the war, while many other nations formerly dependent for important manufactures upon British products were beginning to establish their economic independence. The poverty of Europe owing to war-ravages and losses, bad finance, tariffs, and political boycotts have kept down the total volume of the post-war foreign trade, and though Britain has held as large a proportion of this trade as before the amount is much diminished.

Free trade, protection, imperial self-sufficiency, emigration of surplus population, revival of British agriculture—all these methods of adjustment to the situation are carefully canvassed

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by M. Siegfried. He separates the immediate troubles of the reconstruction and the monetary policies from the more permanent demands of our situation. Though neither pronouncing judgment nor indulging in prophecies, he is disposed to think that we cannot keep our growing popularity in a satisfactory way without some radical transformations of our economic policy and institutions. Whether England with her easy-going opportunism can make such profound changes is doubtful. Overpopulation is the economic factor of chief concern:

> The great problem is to learn whether the future division of the world's industrial production will be such as to permit, by a paradoxical division of labor, the existence in the United Kingdom of both a colossal manufacturing industry and the world's greatest storehouse of merchandise. If in future years the industrial equipment of Britain, which was created for an unlimited production, can once more begin to export at a profit, then it will be proved that the country is not overpopulated and that the economic crisis is only temporary.

But upon the evidence Britain is dangerously dependent on overseas supplies, nor is it easy to reduce that danger by any policy of exclusive reliance upon imperial trade, for reasons into which the author enters fully.

M. Siegfried's account of the acrobatic performances of Mr. Lloyd George and of the quick changes in our forms of party government shows a remarkable grasp of the most delicate moves in our latest situations. He realizes clearly how ill-adapted our constitution is to a three-party or group system of government, and at the same time how difficult it is for us to incorporate into the old structure "the innovations that the times have rendered necessary." Examining the composition of our political parties he shows how our recent tortuous and inconsistent policies, domestic, financial, and foreign, are explained by the different strains and stresses within a government. His examination of the present condition of the Liberal and Labor parties is exceedingly skilful and objective, for though some features of internal cleavage in both cases are more clearly marked today than in the summer of 1924 (when M. Siegfried completed his study), the main lines of divergence remain as he described them. A final brief chapter, in which the British attitude toward France is submitted to a keen and on the whole a convincing psychological analysis, completes what is a very remarkable study for any foreigner to make of any other people:

> The British are usually described as egotistical, but though this is perfectly true, they are honest and unashamed in their egotism. They simply are unable to look at a question from the point of view of anyone else and that is all there is to it. Remind them that you are there, and they will take account of you. Otherwise, you do not exist—for they are really very little concerned over what lies outside their own interests.

There is an unexpected naivete about this. Is it not just what England says of France, or any country of any other country?

J. A. Hobson

A Sentimental Journey

The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion, in the Year 1764-65. By Cleone Knox. Edited by her Kinsman Alexander Blacker Kerr. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

THE present volume purports to be the diary of a young Irish coquette whose father conducted her upon a grand tour in an effort to alienate her from the tall dark young man of her affections. It is so obviously a hoax that the publishers can hardly have intended it to be taken seriously, and they must have been considerably surprised to find its genuineness unquestioned in certain reviews published in solemn literary journals. But though as obviously modern as "Serena Blandish," it is a gay little pastiche composed by someone whose flair for the piquancies of a vanished society is so acute as to constitute, in itself, sufficient proof that he was not himself a member of that society. Neither its wit nor its irony is as complicated or incisive as that exhibited in "Serena," but it has a certain bubbling gaiety of its own and it will serve admirably to pass an amusing hour.

Cleone had the good fortune—for one of her temperament—to be born in the golden age of gallantry. It was a time when Decorum, though much written about with capital letters, was even less practiced than it is today, and a time when young ladies, though often affected with Vapors and expected to believe that a marriage based upon Mutual Esteem was more likely to be happy than one inspired by Passion, were nevertheless strongly inclined to romance. Since statistically minded doctors had not thrown doubts upon the wild-oats theory, Beauty looked with tolerant sympathy upon the rake and every young lady of spirit was glad to have at least the opportunity of refusing entrance to a gallant who had climbed the ivy to her window. Nor was Cleone any exception to the general rule. A gentlewoman and a belle, her mind had little time to occupy itself with any affairs other than those coordinately important ones of the heart and the wardrobe; but she found these sufficient. She recorded with excitement those various occasions when she came near to staining her honor or her new brocade, and though, so the editor informs us, she finally had the good fortune to reach the safe harbor of marriage with her gallant there was one occasion when, pressed for a rendezvous, she had the candor to write: "My inclination is to go—my prudence bids me stay, but Lud! if one listen to prudence one might die a Spinster!" Cleone was, in short, a second Belinda, of whom, as of the first, one might truthfully say:

> If to her share some female errors fall
> Look at her face and you'll forget 'em all.

Her tour included not only England and France but Switzerland and Italy too, and her observations of men and manners were influenced by the provincial's preference for home ways as well as his readiness to marvel. Thus she found a certain insipidity in the English scene and she thought the inhabitants contributed to this effect; "for they have a clean busy air about them, as if they loved work and were anxious to do their duty." "Geneva," too, was only "a large, Melancholy town, full of Pastors and excessively cold"; but the warmth of the Latin temperament produced effects more to her liking in spite of the fact that she thought St. Mark's in Venice in no way comparable to Westminster Abbey chiefly because it was small and dark with "an exotic Papist air about it which does not please me." At Ferney her brother had the temerity to dispute with Voltaire upon "the Influence of Religion on the Female Mind." She, however, listened in silence "with that Respect which is due to Genius, however Wearisome it may be."

Though the political philosopher will not find much to interest him in most of Cleone's observations, the contrast which she notes between the social license of France, where political heresy is so quickly punished, and the moral austerity of free Switzerland does suggest a thought which may be recommended to the members of the Ku Klux and all those whose concern for purity is equaled only by their insistence upon the danger of false political doctrine. Liberty is generally granted to a people in one department and in one only. There are countries where you may behave as scandalously as you like, but must speak with respect of the king, and there are countries where it is nobody's business what your political opinions are, but everybody's business whether you keep a mistress or not. There have not, however, been many times or places where both privileges were either granted or denied; history has shown that Cleone's observation of a particular case has a general applicability. For reasons upon which the philosopher may be given opportunity to speculate, the censor of opinions generally loses interest in manners and vice versa.

Joseph Wood Krutch

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George Washington Himself

The Diaries of George Washington: 1748-1799. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin Company. Four volumes. $25.

George Washington in Love and Otherwise. By Eugene E. Prussing. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $5.

FROM some points of view it would be difficult to place too high an estimate on these "Diaries." Not even the letters give so intimate approach to Washington in his daily occupations, and the letters require this supplementary record of his relations to others, his interests in his plantation, and his vision of what the future might bring to Virginia and the Western Country, then bounded by the Mississippi. The quality of the record is in no way distinguished. The entries, expressed in the baldest form, convey no impression of literary finish, of careful thought, of personality. By an unknown writer they would be almost negligible; known to be Washington's, and studied in the light of that knowledge, they become valuable not for the historical content but for their reflection of a mind at once commonplace and unerring in judgment. Few of his contemporaries could approach him in ability to grasp the essentials of a complicated problem, economic or political, or equal him in expressing tersely his conclusions, or match his poverty or simplicity of language.

Here are four stately volumes admirably compiled and edited by the person best equipped for the task. They contain diaries recording journeys to the Western region for public and private objects, years of occupation in the maintenance of a Virginia plantation with slave labor, years of war, of a return to Mount Vernon to face new and more difficult problems of land management, of the first Presidency of the new republic, and again of a changed Virginian home. Each day the weather was noted, and then followed a single line or two of colorless entry. The few occasions on which the writer does permit himself to go outside of fact are precious reflections of character from which a man great even in his littlenesses can be pictured. No quotations can begin to give a true idea of what these diaries will mean to the student of Washington. The notes of the editor are excellent, being drawn from many sources and furnishing necessary explanations of the text. The great difficulties of proper identification of names have been met judiciously, and the absence of assertion where doubt could exist gives confidence in the knowledge and discretion of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

It is as a planter that Washington becomes most interesting. He shows himself a careful manager, much interested in new methods and implements, and well in advance of his day in experimenting for himself or in obtaining suggestions from others. The days of plowing and planting, of the first appearance of crops above ground; the trials of new seeds, plants, and trees in different soils (that of Mount Vernon not being of the richest); the tests and records of his overseers and slaves—the account of all this makes a valuable contribution to the understanding of economic Virginia in the eighteenth century. Tobacco as the leading crop ceased to be profitable, and a rotation of crops—requiring years to be reduced to a system—promised better results from the land as well as a better condition for the greatly exhausted fields. Slave labor prevented the realization of these benefits. Washington measures the waste of that labor, he seeks to train it, and finally, with a sense of failure, he looks for tenants as a substitute. On the management of the plantation he gives enough detail to allow a careful study to be made of this period of transition, though his absences in the army and the Presidency break the continuity. Little wonder that he looked with longing eyes on the rich lands of the Ohio and felt their importance for the future of the country under free labor.

It would be easy to point out many subjects on which the diaries are regrettably meager—subjects like the land companies, Potomac improvement, and ventures in locating soldiers' lands, the rights to which Washington bought largely. The loss or omission of records for the years of war and Presidency does not seem so vital, for Washington showed little wish or ability to treat of public affairs in this kind of document. The glimpses of family relations are welcome, but the social entries hardly rise above lists of guests, with hardly a hint to explain their object in coming or the impression produced. Yet Mount Vernon he described as a well-frequented tavern, open to the curious stranger and quite on the road of Southern travel. The skill to draw a character was not wanting—the searching notes on the generals of the revolution prove that; but the power is rarely exercised, unless Washington has been "done" in a land purchase or a contract for building. The explosive frankness of John Adams and the calmer, yet still vital, comments of his son in their diaries are far more illuminating than the complete absence of feeling shown by Washington. Yet any other kind of diary would not have been Washington. Its flatness is the highest proof of its being his, and the reader must be content with the few flashes of feeling, restrained as they are, when he views the Ohio or plans the Yorktown siege. As history these volumes will be source material; to the student of character they will be invaluable. The Lady Regents of Mount Vernon, for whom they were published, have performed a service as well as a duty and their manner of procedure calls for the highest praise.

Mr. Prussing's volume is of varying quality. He revamps the old story of Washington's love for Mrs. Fairfax, a story of little or no foundation; he sketches Washington as an engineer—a somewhat misleading title, for Washington hardly was more than a surveyor—and as a captain of industry, which no slaveholder could be. A real contribution lies in the history of the Bank of England stock which came to Mrs. Custis and through her in part to Washington. It was not confiscated because of Washington's leadership in the American "rebellion," and he enjoyed the full privileges accorded during that period to English stockholders.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

What Price Laissez-Faire?

The Case of Bituminous Coal. By Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

What the Coal Commission Found. By Edward Eyre Hunt, F. G. Tryon, and Joseph H. Willits. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins Company.

THESE are probably the two best books on coal ever written—with the possible exception of Jevons's classic document. Certainly they are the best dealing with the American scene. Messrs. Hunt, Tryon, and Willits have summarized and made intelligible and interesting the great mass of data collected by the federal Coal Commission of 1922—the most exhaustive investigation attempted to date, and covering both anthracite and bituminous. With rare judgment they have picked the essential from the ruck in costs, royalties, prices, profits, extent of monopoly, wholesaler's and retailer's margins, wages, hours, accidents, working conditions, union rules, living conditions of the miners, and the outstanding channels of waste. They have provided an invaluable handbook of the industry.

Mr. Hamilton and Miss Wright have gone a step farther. Basing their thesis in part upon the data of the Coal Commission and in part upon an analysis of the literature which the industry itself puts forth, they have brought all the loose threads together and told a story of a competitive industry which for realism, logic of development, and brilliance of style will not soon be surpassed in economic chronicles. With this volume the "new economics" comes into its own. The questioning, doubting, quantitative school—suspicious of immutable laws and determined to look facts in the face wherever they may lead—has produced an authentic masterpiece. A complex situation is not violated by simplification—it is met squarely,

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every tangled corner of it. There is no attempt to prove anything; no nonsense about those pious hopes which are so wont to travel under the head of "constructive suggestions." The good Rotarian with his precious litany of free competition reduced to gibberish can take comfort in the equal destruction of all the plans of nationalization, industrial democracy, scientific management, cooperation, and what-not evolved by all the forward lookers to date. There isn't a ray of hope in all the 300 pages, and yet the book remains the most stimulating and the most hopeful thing ever written about coal—if not about the whole going structure of industry. It has junked all the dogmas, the preconceptions, the sentimentalities, the illusions, and the bright ideas which pass for thought—and shown us with the terrible starkness of a cold green dawn the coal industry for what it is—Exhibit A of the policy of muddling through.

And the three authors find not the slightest evidence to support any change of policy in the calculable future. They picture with admirable vividness and admirable documentation the "coal cycles" which are before us. Cycles which promise gluts, famines, price somersaults, unemployment, the shattering of labor standards and probably the organization of the United Mine Workers, bankruptcies, shut-downs, reorganizations, new technical methods capsized by trying to meet interest on investment. While such a prophecy may startle when it is loosed suddenly, no reader who has followed the analysis of the industry thus far, plus the brilliant account of the new technique of machine mining, can fail to see that the "cycle" fits the facts as a garter fits the leg. The operator sits at his desk, his head sunk in his hands. To modernize or not to modernize, that is the question. He will be damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. And even more tragic is the future for the miner. But God, having destroyed carboniferous forests with unheard-of prodigality in these States, will probably keep the consumer supplied at a price and with a quality that is no more uncertain than it has been in the immediate past.

The book is too well knit, too relentless in its development to attempt a summary. Impressions are the most that the reviewer can give—a particularly poignant one coming from the extraordinary aptness of the quotations from Gilbert and Sullivan at the head of each chapter. Perhaps the outstanding impression is that nobody should be allowed to mention soft coal in public until he reads the book. Oh, yes. . . . The hopeful thing is that if much more of such destructive analysis of the going economic structure leaks out, men may come out of their cloudlands of laissez-faire and begin consciously to plan for their economic subsistence. But such a consummation, I am willing to admit, is only a pious hope.

STUART CHASE

A Cocksure Criminologist

Battling the Criminal. By Richard Washburn Child. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a flashy and inaccurate book. Mr. Child began his nation-wide study of crime as an ex-United States ambassador to Italy, and he finished it in the state of mind of a chief of police. Not that there is not plenty of crime in the United States or that many criminals are not young. Mr. Child is quite right; both of these things are true. But Mr. Child is no nearer to being able to explain these facts than anybody else. He talks freely about an "era of unrestrained youth" and pushes out on to the sidewalk all scientists, psychologists, and criminologists, insisting that they do no good and seldom know what they are talking about. It has not occurred to Mr. Child, apparently, that the methods of dealing with criminals in this country have never for a single day been in the hands of psychologists and criminologists. When these gentlemen are given a chance to show what they can do it will then be time for Mr. Child and those who believe in hamstringing as a moral influence to say what they think of them. The present crime situation in the United States follows directly upon decades, generations even, of repressive prison methods; if our chosen way of treating the offender is so excellent, why has it not assisted in the reduction of crime?

Yet Mr. Child would go on, adding punishment to punishment. "Hard and long prison sentences having failed," he would say, "let us make them harder and longer." The trouble is that typical prison treatment in America, while it may satisfy the desire for vengeance of many of those who remain outside, does nothing to reform those on the inside. Mr. Child confuses the desire of the criminologist to learn why men commit crime with the intention of someone else to "coddle" criminals, and so of course he says ridiculous things. But there is no justification for such confusion.

Mr. Child makes some good points in regard to the extraordinary defects of our criminal law and our methods of trial. We are altogether too slow about putting cases through our courts, and we leave too many loopholes through which the guilty may evade conviction. But the spirit of the whole book is cocksure and misleading.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Hit-or-Miss Biography

Uncommon Americans. By Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

THE open season for game in biographical preserves still continues, and the publishers vie with one another in their eagerness to supply hunting licenses to prospective sharpshooters. Since the elephants and tigers have been pretty thoroughly wiped out, the marksmen are more and more compelled to level their muzzle-loaders, smooth-bores, or express rifles at the smaller fry. Once in a while, to be sure, they chance upon a mastodon that has merely been scratched or partially crippled by some preceding hunter, and—crack! Score another hit—or miss.

Mr. Seitz has manfully attempted to bring permanently to earth a veritable menagerie of uncouth specimens, yet most of them have managed to escape with only a scar or two. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Susan B. Anthony, Whistler, Mary Baker Eddy—these are the most familiar of his twenty-two victims; but one finishes his jaded journalese feeling that he has barely barked their shins. He writes better, perhaps, about lesser known yet not wholly uncharted ragamuffins such as Ethan Allen, Peter Cartwright, Tecumseh, Israel Putnam, and so on, and still one has the uncomfortable feeling that these are treated better only because they have been less mauled about by other writers, or because they are intrinsically more interesting.

It is a little hard to see why the biographer of Artemus Ward and Joseph Pulitzer—both of whom he handled at least adequately—should be satisfied with such sophomoric stuff as packs this book. Great writers, or even tolerably good writers, are not in the habit of emphasizing their ideas with a wilderness of exclamation points; nor do they allow themselves to clutter their manuscripts with awkwardly turned phrases and slipshod sentences. Again, Mr. Seitz rarely varies his method: he is usually content to tell a collection of good stories about each of his pets and let it go at that. Yet, despite these defects, it is a pleasure to record that he is always fair-minded and suave; he points few morals and seldom tries to edify his reader; he is equally sympathetic toward the poor wretches scalped in turn by Tecumseh and Mrs. Eddy. But he ought to turn to a book, published last year, that deserved immeasurably more attention and sales than it had—the "Imaginary Lives" of Marcel Schwob; for in it he might observe the distinction between superbly artistic, as opposed to journalistic, biography.

R. F. DIBBLE

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Books in Brief

The Problem of Immortality. By R. A. Tsanoff. The Macmillan Company. $3.

With incredible patience Dr. Tsanoff traces all the preconceptions of purgatory and heaven and all the schools of immortality and destiny which have harassed mankind. To the student of magic, myth, metaphysics, and theology in their long persecution of reason this book is an invaluable guide. But unfortunately the author's thesis does not follow from his research. His research shows that all these eschatological concepts have not grown even in mere sophistication from the earliest folk-lore to the current platitude that we are immortalized to the extent of the "service" we render, a platitude which only adds moral confusion to our spiritual politics; while his thesis is that the very immemorialness of this "hunger" for immortality, which throughout he defines allegorically, points to a hereafter, model 1924. It is the old Kantian apology: rationally it makes no sense, but it is safer to believe it! Kant wrote thus at the direct behest of the Prussian state; the neo-Kantian Dr. Tsanoff teaches philosophy in the State of Texas.

Fundamental Ends of Life. By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

An inquiry into the history of philosophy to prove that "men want" mystical "life-values." In the chapter on The Idea of the Good in Plato Dr. Jones, with the cautious qualifications of sophisticated learning, attributes a spiritual inwardness to Platonic idealism which is peculiarly alien to the ineffable civism of the "Republic." The gospels he treats with the reverence which reduces exegesis to piety. He endows Kant's moral imperative with spiritual implications, to whose destruction Kant devoted half a century of explicit agnosticism. The British empiricists, the Continental rationalists, the temper of modern philosophy he ignores. In short, he reinterprets the most controversial metaphysical portions in the history of thought to prove that the "fundamental ends of life" are introversive. For such proofs the dogmatics of orthodoxy are more relevant premises.

The Quebec Act: A Study in Statesmanship. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The scope of this book, the work of the Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, is wider than the title indicates. Of the four chapters, only one relates directly to the Quebec Act, the first two chapters being devoted to a summary discussion of the history of Canada from 1763, when the region was acquired by Great Britain, and the administrative work of Murray and Carleton, while the last sketches the testing of the new policy in the outbreak of the American Revolution and the fatuous attempt of the Americans to conquer Canada. The work is a scholarly production, however, well documented and well written. Professor Coupland does merited justice to Carleton, whose ideas the Quebec Act embodied, and criticizes frankly, but without prejudice, the difficulties which arose, largely because of the British attitude toward the French, as the provisions of the act came to be applied. Appendices give the texts of the Quebec Capitulation of 1759, with the French requests and the British replies, and of the Quebec bill with the Commons' amendments.

Vie de Jaurès. By Paul Desanges et Luc Mériga. Paris: G. Crès.

The detailed and definitive Life of Jean Jaurès has yet to be written. The generous internationalist Romain Rolland composed an eloquent small volume of tribute to him, as he has since compiled a Life of that other dauntless pacifist, Mahatma Gandhi. Maurras misrepresented and abused him, Adolphe Brisson marveled at his gift of prophecy, Anatole France and Trotzky extolled him, and his fellow-socialist Charles Rappoport wrote a well-documented volume which is thus far our most important single study of him. But Rappoport wrote in 1915, and we know a number of things about the European situation on the eve of the war which Rappoport did not know in 1915. Very little of what we have learned since reflects much credit on either nations or individuals, but much of it emphasizes the clairvoyance of this party leader who was at the same time a great thinker, a fruitful student of history, and, most remarkable of all perhaps for a party leader, a great lover of mankind. It is unfortunate that Desanges and Mériga have not caught the optimism of their great leader. The book is soberly done, with no anecdotal relief, and devotes more attention to doctrines than to the exterior circumstances of Jaurès's life. It has a masterly incidental survey of European affairs during the decade just before the war, and notably of the fortunes of socialism in France and Germany during that period, making it all in all a decidedly useful little volume.

The Cell in Development and Heredity. By E. B. Wilson. Third edition. The Macmillan Company. $9.

In spite of its being called a third edition, this is really a new book and one of the most notable contributions to the biological literature of the times. The second edition appeared in 1900, the year Mendel's work was rediscovered, the beginning of the modern period of work in heredity. This book, by the dean of American zoologists, represents a life work; grown to monumental size, it is written throughout from the standpoint of the last twenty-four years—which have made the study of the cell, heredity, evolution, and development a single subject. Being a great teacher, the author writes with clearness; being a great scientist, he does not indulge in questionable human applications.

Drama

Long Island Sentiment

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD was born into the flapper age with exactly the qualities and the defects which would enable him to become its accredited historian. Though granted just enough detachment to make him undertake the task of describing, he is by temperament too much a part of the things described to view them with any very penetratingly critical eye and he sees flappers, male and female, much as they see themselves. Sharing to a very considerable extent in their psychological processes, he romanticizes their puerilities in much the same fashion as they do; and when he pictures the manners of the fraternity house or the Long Island villa he pictures them less as they are than as their practitioners like to imagine them. He makes cocktails and kisses seem thrillingly wicked; he flatters the younger generation with the solemn warning that it is leading the world straight to the devil; and as a result he writes The Flapper's Own History of Flapperism. Thus he becomes less the genuine historian of a phase of social development than one of the characteristic phenomena of that development itself, and his books are seen to be little more than documents for the study of the thing which they purport to treat.

His works, like the works of Michael Arlen, illustrate the Nemesis of sophistication, which in their case turns out to be an abysmal if disguised sentimentality. Cynicism and disillusion are qualities which require ripening to develop and fortitude to bear if they are to constitute more than a pose. The youth who leaps gaily after them cannot live comfortably in the harsh world which they create, so that sentimentality, disguised or perverted, almost inevitably reenters by way of offering a compensation. All the old falsities reappear and constitute the chief charm of the writer for that portion of his

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audience which finds itself the victim of the same conflict between intellectual pose and emotional need which generates his work. Cynicism is modish, but sentimentality is comfortable.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador Theater) has been fashioned by Owen Davis from Mr. Fitzgerald's novel of the same name, and the play has the same elements of popularity as the book. Here is that ever-intriguing figure the romantic criminal brought absolutely up to date; here, that is to say, is Robin Hood reincarnated as a bootlegger, and here too is the sauce of contemporary smartness supplying in liberal measure an additional piquancy to the dish. Thanks to the talent which h has for evoking the general atmosphere which is supposed to invest the smart set Mr. Fitzgerald can give to this naive and sentimental story an air of sophistication, and in that fact lies the secret of his popularity. In its essence "The Great Gatsby" is a preposterously maudlin tale of the efforts of a poor boy to become rich enough to "make himself worthy" of a girl with whom he had had a war-time flirtation; in its accidents it purports to be a sophisticated picture of flapper morality; and as a result of these two elements it presents an excellent opportunity for that large portion of the population—which loves sentimentality, but is ashamed to indulge its taste—to enjoy itself thoroughly.

In the beginning the play promises something a little better than it eventually gives. The smart dialogue is brightly written and the characters, excellently interpreted by a uniformly capable cast which includes Florence Eldridge and James Rennie, are at least clear cut and recognizable types. Even the conception of Gatsby himself includes its strokes of truth and of pathos, for there is material for a real study in the story of this man who aspires wistfully toward a world into which he has not been born. But as the piece develops it grows steadily more meretricious. It takes its colors less and less from reality and more and more from a sort of servant-girl's dream world until it ends in sheer and tawdry melodrama. "The Great Gatsby" has the humor which "The Green Hat" in its dramatic form so completely lacks, but it belongs to a related genre.

I hazard the guess that the New York theatergoer has never before had the opportunity granted him at the present moment of choosing between four Ibsen plays. In addition to "The Master Builder," which has been running for some time, "Hedda Gabler" (Comedy Theater), "John Gabriel Borkman" (Booth Theater), and "Little Eyolf" (Guild Theater) have just been produced, the two last for special matinees only. Of the three the first is both the finest play and the finest performance. In "Hedda" Ibsen made a searching analysis of a character who was less local and less peculiarly the product of a particular set of circumstances than either Borkman or the parents of Little Eyolf, and his play has lost little or nothing in either power or pertinence, whereas the other two, and particularly the last, are beginning to seem a little remote in spite of their dramatic power. Egdon Brecher, Eva Le Gallienne, and Marian Warring-Manly give excellent performances in "John Gabriel Borkman" and Emily Stevens makes an effective if somewhat vulgar Hedda; but the outstanding performance is the Tesman of Dudley Digges. He succeeds perfectly in realizing the absurdity of the character without making it wholly ridiculous, and his achievement is thrown into higher relief by the comparison afforded by the Alfred Allmers of Reginald Owen in "Little Eyolf." Mr. Owen makes Allmers seem only a pompous fool and that was not by any means, I think, Ibsen's intention.

At the Plymouth Theater is being revived that most excellent and thrilling of modern melodramas, "The Jest," with Basil Sydney and Violet Heming giving good performances and Alphonz Ethier overtopping everyone in the role which Lionel Barrymore made famous. "The Beaten Track" (Frolic Theater) is a serious play of Welsh life not without a certain sincerity, but spoiled by stilted over-literary dialogue and very leisurely action.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ENTERTAINMENT

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466 GRAND ST.
Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30
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English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

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GOAT SONG
By FRANZ WERFEL
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., W. of B'way
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 2:30
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International Relations Section

Shall Austria's Culture Survive?

THE report printed below on the deplorable conditions in Austrian universities was written by Professor Richard Wettstein of Vienna, president of the Notgemeinschaft Oesterreichischer Wissenschaft.

Science and learning in Austria have suffered severely in consequence of the World War and the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The general knowledge of this deplorable fact has found its expression in the readiness to render assistance which has been manifested especially on the part of the United States and the northern states of Europe (above all, Sweden and Holland). The gratitude which this help deserves cannot be adequately expressed in words.

During the past few years the opinion has been gaining ground that a recovery has taken place. This opinion is based on the results attained by the League of Nations, which claimed the stabilization of the Austrian currency and the balancing of the Austrian budget as achievements of great value. Unfortunately the benefits accruing to cultural interests from this rehabilitation have not been very great. This is mainly due to the fact that the normal budget, as determined by the League of Nations, is undoubtedly too limited, and that the stabilization of the currency was effected at a time when the Austrian crown was at so low a rate of exchange that all existing capital and income, as measured in crowns, was completely depreciated. The normal budget is so limited that it is insufficient to satisfy the manifold needs of a recovering commonwealth. In consequence any expenditure deemed indispensable for general economic and political needs—with emphasis on the latter—will be incurred to the prejudice of other needs, and cultural interests are the first to suffer in this way. That the normal budget, as determined by the League of Nations, is too limited may be gathered with sufficient clearness from the one fact that, in consequence of the rising exchange of the English pound in 1925, the debt service of the loan authorized by the League alone necessitated an additional expenditure of several billions of Austrian crowns, which had to be found by curtailing other items of the budget.

By the stabilization of the currency, together with the establishment of the schilling as monetary unit, one schilling being approximately equal to 10,000 Austrian crowns, all existing fortunes, as measured in crowns, have been practically wiped out, and all existing incomes which could not be valorized to their full amount represent a very serious impoverishment, as compared with pre-war earnings. In other words, the rehabilitation of Austria, while making it possible to hope for gradual recovery in the future, carried with it complete renunciation of all fortunes acquired in the past except where they consisted of possessions of intrinsic value.

Inasmuch as the scientific institutes and the members of the learned professions in general have either not been able to valorize their property and their income at all, or only a small part of it, the distress in these circles is great and it is further aggravated by the fact that prices have risen to a considerable degree during the past few years.

In order to repair the damages caused by the war—gaps in the libraries, deterioration of instruments, and institutions in general—in order to resume the former activities to their full extent and to reap the advantages of the progress made during the past decade by purchasing new periodicals, new books, new instruments, the receipts would have to be considerably larger than in 1914, instead of which they are very much smaller. This is, in brief, the main cause of the distress in scientific circles—not to speak of the mental anguish that must be added to it.

This is evidenced by a number of facts:

In 1925 the philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna received only about 36 per cent of the pre-war grants. Quite recently, it is true, these amounts have been supplemented by allotments from the lecture fees contributed by the students. But these receipts, which are subject to wide fluctuations, do not by any means make up for the decrease in the annual grants, and they are very far from bringing the total up to a figure that could even approximately satisfy the most urgent needs.

Furthermore, the prices of scientific instruments (apparatus, reagents, etc.) have risen greatly since 1914. A great variety of objects have been enumerated, and the prices quoted are based on careful inquiries. The increase in the prices of optical apparatus amounts to about 40 per cent, of glassware 60 per cent, of chemical apparatus 100 per cent, and of chemicals 80 per cent.

The subscription rates of scientific periodicals have increased on the average by 60 per cent. As a matter of fact, the increase in the prices of books is considerably higher than for periodicals, since, naturally enough, the publishers of periodicals hesitate to raise the subscription rates too much, for fear of losing a great number of subscribers.

It is evident from these facts that science and learning have suffered in Austria chiefly because of the great falling-off in the receipts of scientific institutes, etc., together with greatly advanced prices. But there are other factors which have to be added to this. In the first place the greatly reduced financial circumstances of the individual members of the learned professions: all fortunes acquired in pre-war times have either disappeared altogether or shrunk to very small dimensions, while the incomes—whether salaries or the returns of literary work—are very much lower. In former times the private resources of a scholar frequently enabled him to procure what the institutes were unable to provide; he also could afford to travel and thus establish personal connections from which the institutes benefited. This is no longer possible. A few examples may serve to show what this means in individual cases. The following statements are based on inquiries regarding certain professors at the University of Vienna. Before the war their annual purchases for their private libraries averaged 50, 30, and 25 books, respectively. The corresponding figures for 1924 were 8, 5, and 3! Is it not obvious that such a decrease in the individual purchasing power must have far-reaching effects not only on the scientific and literary work of the professors themselves as well as their assistants but on literary production in general?

Before the war one scientific periodical had 17 subscribers in Vienna; today, it has only five. The decrease in the purchasing power affects all classes of the population alike, and this again has its effects on science and learning. It was formerly a matter of course for students to buy at least the more important handbooks; today it happens only in rare cases that a student is able to purchase a book for himself. Naturally the same is true of scientific instruments and other accessories. This is bound to exercise, in its turn, an adverse influence on the efficiency of publishers, manufacturers of instruments, and so on. This impoverishment has affected not only the individual scholars but the various corporate bodies which used to be so active and successful in furthering science and learning, and, likewise, those classes of the population which used to regard the promotion of cultural progress as an obligation imposed by the possession of wealth. To mention only one example, the Vienna Academy of Sciences was able, in former years, to publish in its Proceedings and Memoirs a very considerable part of the literary output of Austrian scholars, including many learned treatises for which a publisher could not be found on account of the very limited circle of readers to which they appealed. In addition the Vienna Academy used to be able every year to appropriate considerable amounts for subventions, for expeditions, excavations, etc. To-

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day, it is enabled only by the patronage of some well-wishers to print its Proceedings and Memoirs in a greatly reduced form, while only minimal amounts are at its disposal for purposes of subvention; above all, it is no longer in its power to take the initiative in any movement for the advancement of learning.

Another factor of far-reaching importance is the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with its approximately 50,000,000 inhabitants into separate states, each aiming at cultural independence for itself. In former years Austrian booksellers and manufacturers of scientific instruments were in a position to make their arrangements for supplying a large country, containing numerous institutes; today they find their market restricted to a small and impoverished country with only 6,000,000 inhabitants. Tariff acts and movements for independence have rendered commercial competition more acute than ever and have resulted in greatly diminished sales of cultural products.

These difficulties are further aggravated by two circumstances: the effects of recent events on the state of mind of the scholars and the impossibility of participating in the scientific progress made in other and happier countries. The mental effects of recent events include not only the lowering of intellectual efficiency in consequence of worries and privations, the increased competition with baneful consequences, the loss of promising young scholars who enter other professions or go to other countries, but also the deeply depressing effects of the whole situation, the exhaustive efforts necessary for the acquisition of the most indispensable scientific equipment, and, above all, the limits imposed upon the scholars in having to restrict their scientific work to what can be accomplished with the small means at their diposal.

Famine in Lower Silesia

THE following article by Leo Lania appeared in the *Welt-Bühne* a few months ago. Conditions in the district, however, are reported to be unchanged:

I had thought that the misery in the northern part of Berlin, the famine in the industrial villages of Saxony, the daily terrible fight for a piece of bread, for a pound of potatoes, which we all had to witness during the long months of the "inflation period," had hardened me. But it was with horror that I saw the terrible distress in the mining district of Lower Silesia. Even the most eloquent descriptions fail utterly to convey the awful reality of these scenes.

Waldenburg, a town of some 45,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the Silesian district of the same name. The population of the entire district is 180,000 people. Eighty per cent of all the wage-earning inhabitants of the district are industrial workmen, the large majority of whom are employed in the great coal mines, the remainder in a big porcelain factory and some small textile factories. The men you see walking along the main street seem to be doomed to death. Thirty thousand miners. Famine kills them—men, women, and children.

The mining district of Lower Silesia has always had to face great economic difficulties, because for various technical reasons the production of coal is handicapped, especially as compared with the nearby famous Upper Silesia district. . . .

During the war Austria and Czecho-Slovakia were the biggest consumers of coal from this district. In the years after the war, when the fuel shortage was acute, these countries found other sources for their supply. In Germany peat suddenly began to be used instead of coal. Other districts could produce fuel cheaper. The high costs of production had, therefore, to be reduced. The consequence was that wages were reduced.

These were the results: The earnings of a miner for a nine-hour day are 3.80 gold marks—90 cents. The State Department of Mines has sanctioned the nine-hour day for "reasons of production." A protest of the miners' union has

A CRY FOR HELP

has come to us from the women and children in the soft coal fields of West Virginia and Central Pennsylvania.

Thousands of families, driven from their company-owned homes, are living in tents and flimsy shacks, enduring bitter cold and untold hardships. For months and months the miners have been carrying on their struggle to maintain the union wage scale, and each day of struggle means an added day of suffering for the women and children.

The United Mine Workers of America are supplying relief, but it is barely enough to support life. They have turned to their friends outside for help.

MONEY and CLOTHING

are needed

IMMEDIATELY

Checks should be drawn to the order of Evelyn Preston, Treasurer, and sent to the office of the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York. This committee has been formed by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union. Its expenses are already guaranteed, and every cent contributed will go direct to the miners.

If you live in or near New York City, warm, substantial clothing for men, women and children can be sent to this same address, Room 635, 799 Broadway, and it will be reshipped to those in need.

If you live outside of New York, send your checks to the office of the committee and your **clothing direct** to

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or

JOHN BROPHY, Pres. U. M. W. of A., District 2, Clearfield, Penna.

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Columbia University
New York

New York, February, 1926.

THE difficult financial conditions of Germany and Austria are endangering the schools and universities of these countries. The isolation of teachers in smaller towns deprives them of intercourse with the outer world: scientists are unable to keep up with the progress of work in other countries. The efficiency of the scientists and of the schools is seriously menaced, unless a remedy for this situation can be found.

Through generous contributions of members and friends, the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art has been enabled to do something to relieve these difficulties.

Careful investigation of present conditions shows that for the current year a considerable amount of help is still required. In many towns and cities of Germany, associations of friends of the schools and universities have been formed which give assistance out of their private funds, and the attention of the trustees and patrons of the schools and universities is directed, everywhere, to an amelioration of the situation. Conditions, however, are such that for the current year and the next help from the outside is stillimperatively needed.

You are earnestly requested to respond to this humanitarian appeal and to send your check drawn to the order of *James Speyer, Treas.,* to the Corresponding Secretary, *Prof. F. W. J. Heuser,* Columbia University, New York City.

To PROF. F. W. J. HEUSER, Sec.
Columbia University, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed $....., *to the order of James Speyer, Treas.,* my contribution to the relief of German and Austrian scientists and teachers.

.....

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not even been answered by the Prussian State Labor Department, although in Germany eight hours is legally the maximum working day. After deducting the compulsory charges for insurance, etc., and taxes, which are from 11 to 16 per cent of his net wages, the workman has at best only about 80 marks a month left. From this he has to pay at once 10 to 15 marks for rent, and with the remainder he is supposed to support his wife and children. Everybody knows that the miners in the Ruhr district are not millionaires, but their official wages are 7.06 marks per day, or double that of their comrades in Silesia.

How do these miners in Silesia live? They starve. The only thing they exist upon is potatoes, day after day. Sundays they have "meat." This Sunday "festival" dinner can cost no more than 50 pfennigs (10 cents), the wife of a miner told me. She has to look after her four children. But the most shocking tragedy is that bread is an absolute luxury.

"Either the man takes it to the mine or the children take it to school; it is not sufficient for us all." That is what I heard everywhere and that is the absolute truth. Naturally most of the miners give it to their children. When I walked with the secretary of the union through the mines the first question of the men after their "Good morning" was "Didn't you bring us a piece of bread?"

Before me lie the statistics of the health situation in the Waldenburg elementary schools. Of 5,296 children, 1,622, or 30.6 per cent, are woefully ill; 203 are in the last stages of tuberculosis; 6.2 per cent never have a warm meal during the week; 21.4 per cent have no overcoats; 24.2 per cent have only one pair of stockings; 21.1 per cent are undernourished, although not diseased.

Of these figures the secretary of the miners' unions writes me: "We give you every guaranty that these figures are absolutely true. We accepted, in compiling these statistics, only such cases where we were sure that parents and physicians had answered our questions correctly. Actually conditions are much worse, because those who suffer most do not answer at all." And this man writes the truth. It is much, much worse. . . .

This is the German famine district. It is not situated on the Volga. There is no bad harvest, no civil war, no bolshevism which could be blamed for it. We enjoy peace. The recovery of our economic position goes on wonderfully. Germany has been saved from a second terrible revolution and bloodshed through the wisdom and sobriety of the inhabitants. Perhaps this glorious realization will make it easier for them to die.

Contributors to This Issue

EARL W. ELHART, a newspaper man and ex-officer in the American Air Service, has spent some time in Europe collecting material on commercial aviation.

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER is an American journalist living in Berlin.

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WITTER BYNNER has lived in New Mexico and studied the Indians of the Southwest. His latest volume of verse is called "Caravan."

JOHN A. HOBSON, author of "Gold, Prices, and Wages," is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is in Europe conducting historical researches.

STUART CHASE, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer for *The Nation*.

WINTHROP D. LANE is a writer and sociologist. He recently acted as adviser on penal reform in a reorganization of prisons in Ohio.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan, An Intimate Narrative."

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